

HAYRO! Combat Devorved! A parody

by Tiger Tank

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Summary: Mission Eleven: The [lame] Cast Party. This is a Halo parody inspired by Halo: Combat Devolved by Agent Smith. Please don't sue me. Rated Mature for very, very bad things.

1. Mission One: The PoS

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

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Mission One: The Pile of Shit...er...the Pillar of Autumn

Scene: outer space. The stars are twinkling. The Pillar of Autumn enters the camera's view, preceded by a flight of Longsword fighters. The camera pans and peers into the ship's bridge viewport, which is on the ventral (bottom) portion of the ship. Strewn throughout the interior of the bridge, pizza boxes and discarded beverage cans can be seen, littering the deck.

Keyes: (VO) Cortana, all I want to know is "Did we lose them?"

> Cortana: (VO) I think the answer is obvious, dumbass. (the camera focuses on Keyes, who is standing before a tactical display)

> Keyes: (scratches the back of his head) We made a blind jump! How did they--?

> Cortana: ...Get here first? The Covenant ships have always been faster. And at light-speed, my maneuvering options were limited. Dimwit.

> Keyes: (starts pacing around the bridge) We were running dark, yes? (slips on a beer can and falls on his ass)

> Cortana: Until we decelerated; nobody could have missed the

hole we tore through subspace's ass.

> Keyes: (gets up; pauses) Where do we stand?

> Cortana: We've got a shitload of Covenant ships coming in. We're pretty boned.

> Keyes: Well, let's bring the ship back to combat alert: Alpha. I want everyone at their stations.

> Cortana: Everyone, sir?

> Keyes: Everyone. (pauses as Cortana's uber-sexy holographic form appears on a pedestal; somewhere, a number of fanboys are drooling over her cleavage) And Cortana?

> Cortana: (poses) Hmmm? You like?

> Keyes: Yes...I mean...no. I mean, let's give the Covenant a warm welcome.

> Cortana: (frowns) Bet you're gay.

> Keyes: No I'm not! (starts eating a slice of pizza)

Mmmm...cheesy goodness.

> Cortana: Ew. That pizza's one day old.

> Keyes: (still chewing) So?

> Cortana: Don't talk with your mouth full!

> Keyes: (swallows) Sorry. (looks at the camera) Aren't we done yet?<p>

(transition to a signal man waving at a Pelican pilot with light cones. The camera pans out and shows a nice view of the hangar; cut to the Marines trotting about and Warthogs moving around, as well as Scorpion tanks loading up. A number of RGM79C mobile suits and the RX-78-2 Gundam are preparing for launch, loading assault rifles and moving about with deck-shaking, metalshod footsteps. Cut to a loading bay, where Marines are gearing up and assembling with big bullseyes painted on their armor plates and helmets. Over the PA, Cortana is issuing orders to personnel throughout the ship)

Cortana: (over the PA) Gundam, ready for launch!

> Amuro: (piloting the Gundam) _GANDAMU_! _IKIMAAAASSSSU_! (flies out of the launch ramp)

> Cortana: (over the PA) ...This is not a drill! Repeat: not a drill! So get moving, you douchebags!

> Sgt. Johnson: (wearing a steel-pot helmet with three chevrons painted on it; barks at his Marines) You heard the bitch! Move like you've got a purpose!

> (the Marines assemble in two straight rows, facing each other.

Johnson moves down between them.)
 Sgt. Johnson_: Once again, it is up to us to finish what the flyboys have started; we are leaving this ship, platoon, and we are headed for solid ground! We will meet the enemy, and rip their skulls from their spines, and toss 'em away laughing! Am I right, Marines?

> Marines: SIR! NO, SIR!

> Sgt. Johnson: Mm-hmm! Y'damned right I am!

Waitaminute...(growls) nevermind! Now move it out! Double-time!

> (the Marines start heading for their battlestations as Johnson casually strolls out of the bay into the hangar)
 Sgt. Johnson: All you greenhorns who wanted to see Covenant up close - this is your lucky day!

(transition to Cryo Two, a large cryostorage facility. All of the tubes are empty, save one. Inside lies the demise of all Covenant and savior of humanity: the nigh-immortal SPARTAN-II, the Master Chief Petty Officer John-117. The being known as "Master Chief" is a near-mythical figure, said to be able to destroy Covenant fleets with his flatulence, and can kill a Covenant soldier by blinking.)

MC: (wakes up) Ugh...my friggin' head...(farts; in space, a flight of Covenant fighter ships explode for seemingly no reason)
> Tutorial Guy: Sorry for the quick thaw, Master Chief. The disorientation should pass quickly.
> Cryo Guy: Welcome back, sir! We'll have you battle-ready, stat!
> MC: (falls asleep) Zzzzzz...
> Tutorial Guy: Please look around the room, sir. We need to get a calibration reading for your helmet's targeting sensors.
> (the dull and boring tutorial goes on and on, until the shield finally finishes recharging)
Keyes: (over the PA) Bridge to Cryo Two! Have the Master Chief report to the bridge, immediately!

> Tutorial Guy: But, Captain! We'll have to skip the weapons diagnostics and I--!
> Keyes: (over the PA) On the double, crewman! And stop calling me "Butt-Captain!"
> Tutorial Guy: Aye-aye, sir! (mutters) Idiot. (turns to the MC) We'll have to get moving. We'll find you weapons later.
> Cryo Guy: All right. I'll leave the diagnostics systems running, at least.
> Tutorial Guy: You'd better get to your evac station, Sam!

> Cryo Guy: I just need to finish this up and I'm outta here! (there's banging on the hatch) Oh noes! They're trying to burn through the door! (gets pwned by a red-armored Elite wielding a plasma rifle)
> Red Elite: Wort wort wort! (starts firing uselessly at the SUPER IMPERVIOUS GLASS WINDOW for a second before turning around and leaving in search of more people to kill)
> Tutorial Guy: Let's get the fuck outta here! This way! (he leads the sleep-walking MC down a corridor up to a door. Just as the door opens, an explosion knocks the MC off his feet and kills the Tutorial Guy)
> MC: (wakes up) Where'm I? Well, shit. (thinks) Oh yeah! (doubles back and jumps over the pipes) It sure is dark, back here...(he runs into some technicians fighting against Covenant troops) COVENANT BASTARDS!
> (the MC lunges toward the enemy and is stopped in midair by an invisible barrier. The door abruptly closes and seals itself)
MC: Curse these crappy game physics! (gets slapped by a mouse pointer) OW! (turns to a tech) Give me your sidearm.
> Technician: NO! MINE! HISS!
> MC: O-kay...fuck you. (bitchslaps the technician, which renders the tech unconscious, and moves on)

(grousing and muttering curses and death-threats, the MC makes his way to the bridge, through the firefights taking place throughout the corridors.)

Marine: Good to see you, sir! Follow me!
> MC: Okay.
> Wounded Marine: My legs! I can't feel my legs!
> Wounded Marine: (gurgles) Rose...bud.
> MC: Should I put these guys out of their misery?
> Marine: Umm...no...GET CLEAR, CHIEF!
> MC: What? (gets hit by a single plasma bolt) COVENANT SCUM! (he charges, once again stopped by an invisible wall) DAMN!

(the MC and the Marine arrive at the bridge)

Marine: (stops and faces MC) Captain Keyes is waiting for you, sir!

> MC: Yeah, yeah. Just give me your goddamned rifle.

> Marine: Ummm...no?

> MC: Grrrr...(storms onto the bridge) KEYES!

> Keyes: Good to see you again, Master Chief.

> MC: Don't "good to see you again, Master Chief" me, Keyes! Why won't anyone give me a goddamned weapon?

> Keyes: Because...um...they need them?

> MC: Bah. The UNSC is just too damned cheap.

> Cortana: (appears on the pedestal in her well-endowed holographic form) Hiya, sexy.

> MC: Hey, ho.

> Cortana: Sleep well?

> MC: Was it you that was making me dream that we were somehow having steamy, hot sex?

> Cortana: (coyly) Maybe.

> Keyes: (coughs nervously) AHEM!

> (the ship bucks from an explosion)
 Keyes: DAMAGE REPORT! DAMAGE REPORT!

> Officer: Fire-control for the main gun is offline!
 Cortana: Well, shit. That was our last offensive option.

> Keyes: Well, that does it. I'm initiating Cole Protocol: Article Two. We're abandoning the Autumn.

> Cortana: While you go down with the ship?

> Keyes: Kind of. (looks about nervously) I'm going to try landing the Autumn on that onion ring. I mean...that artificial ring world. (pauses) What was I going to do?

> Cortana: You were going to get everyone off the ship? (rolls her eyes) Dumbass. (the holograph fades)

> Keyes: Oh yeah. Cortana, give me some coordinates, including those of the nearest liquor cabinet and stash of weed, before you get your ass outta the computer.

> Cortana: (VO) Oooh. Chief! Me! Inside your head! NOW!

> MC: (looks down at his crotch) ...

> Cortana: (VO) giggle You wish. C'mon.

> Keyes: (hands the data disk containing Cortana) Make sure she doesn't fall into the wrong hands. And especially keep her away from those fanboys. We don't want the Covenant to find out where Earth is.

> MC: They find Earth at the beginning of Halo 2.

> Keyes: STOP GIVING THE PLOT AWAY! (smacks the Master Chief, which only results in a sore hand) Where did you learn that anyway?

> MC: Internet.

> Keyes: Figures. Well, I want you to get Cortana off this ship, meaning you will go down to that ring world, which you will eventually blow up by the end of this game.

> MC: Uhhh...you just gave the ending away.

> Keyes: I did? Oh poo-doo...(gets bitchslapped by the big mouse pointer)

> (the Master Chief puts the disk into a slot in his helmet)

Cortana: (VO) Hmm. Your architecture isn't much different from the Autumn's.

> MC: Don't get any funny ideas.

> Cortana: (VO) Tee-hee! (starts messing with the Master Chief)

> MC: What're you--? (starts kick-dancing) STOP THAT!

> Cortana: (stops; VO) Spoilsport.
> Keyes: Well, my piece is done. (inhales deeply, and sighs)
...ME FIRST! I'M SMALLER! (screams like a Grunt and runs for the
nearest lifeboat)
> MC: Oh look...the Captain dropped his sidearm. Which,
despite him saying that he doesn't keep it loaded, comes with a few
spare magazines. How thoughtful. (picks the weapon up)
> Cortana: Let's get moving.

Just outside the bridge, a trio of lost Grunts take a
breather...

Red-armored Grunt: No humans here.
> Orange-armored Grunt 1: I wonder where the enemy's bridge
is...?
> (Just over the entry to the bridge, "BRIDGE" is painted in white,
bold letters in plain view)
 Orange-armored Grunt 2:
Hmmm...(looks up) Hey guys? What's "B-R-I-D-G-E" mean?
> Red-armored Grunt: ...I don't know. (spots a fallen Marine)
OOH! MINE! (picks up the dead Marine's helmet and puts it on) GLEE!

> Orange-armored Grunt 1: Now what?
> (They sit and ponder until the Master Chief arrives)
 MC:
COVENANT SCUM!
> Red-armored Grunt: BAD! BAD CYBORG! (gets blown away; the
helmet clatters on the deck)
> Orange-armored Grunt 1: He's gone! (gets capped in the
head)
> Orange-armored Grunt 2: I will unwittingly stand here in a
confused daze, despite the fact that I know an enemy is just nearby.
And I will give my position away by making comical sounds. (pants in
fear)
> MC: (steps around the corner and pistol-whips the Grunt)
Good riddance to Covenant scum. (comes across the mess hall where a
firefight has broken out)
> Cortana: Well, help 'em out!
> MC: (picks up an assault rifle from a fallen Marine) Now
this is what I'm talking about! (braces the stock against his
shoulder and starts firing, missing horribly) WHAT THE HELL! I can't
hit anything, despite the fact that this is a bullpup assault rifle
and that it uses 7.62x51mm ammunition!
> (the Marines are getting pwned)
 Elite: MUHAHAHAHA! I shall
grind your bones to make my bread!
> MC: Sick. (melees the Elite into submission and blasts his
head off)
> Michael Moore: Down with the Fascist-Imperialist
government!
> MC: Michael Moore! I should have known you were leading the
attack!
> Michael Moore: That's right, you Fascist pig! (whips out an
AK47 assault rifle) MOTHERLAAAAAAND!
> (before Michael Moore can open fire, the MC chucks a fallen plasma
rifle at the large, Socialist weasel's face, effectively smashing his
face in.)
 MC: Goddamned commie. Worse than Covenant scum.
> Elite: Where's the beverages? (gets pwned by the Chief)
Ow...(dies)
> Marine 1: I need a medic!
> Marine 2: Anyone see him?
> MC: I'm right here...now come on! Let's go!
> Marine NCO: Sorry, Chief. The Bungie programmers made us

incredibly stupid and we have to "secure the mess hall."
> MC: In other words, "get pissed while the ship goes down"?

> Marine NCO: No. "Get pissed AND high while the ship goes down!" (breaks out a bong and starts smoking weed) Ohhh yeaahhhh.
> Marine 1: Lemme hit that! (takes a hit) Awww, yeah! That's the stuff!
> MC: ...Okay. (leaves)

(the Master Chief, in search for a way off the Pillar of Autumn, participates in numerous firefights against the Covenant boarders)

MC: (carelessly firing, hitting Marines and Covenant alike) You know, Cortana, why didn't we just hijack those boarding craft with the overshield power-ups in them? (pauses and reloads)

> Cortana: Beats me.
> MC: Furthermore, how were those ships able to attach themselves in the first place with no visible control area?
> Cortana: ...Stop thinking. Hey, look! The last lifeboat! Let's get outta here!
> MC: Okay.
> Dead Marine: (falls just after the Chief and sees that the life boat is almost full) Oh no! (shivers) Oh no!
> MC: ...(walks in and seals the doors) Punch it!
> Dead Marine: (pounding on the hatch) WAIT! NO! WAIT FOR ME!

> Pilot: Aye-aye, sir! (with a jolt and a loud BOOM! the vaguely Pelican-like life boat ejects from the Pile of Shit...er...the Autumn, and begins its approach on the ring world)

> Marine 1: THE AUTUMN! SHE'S GOING CRAZY!
> (the Pillar is zig-zagging crazily through space, soaking up plasma torpedo hits)
Cortana: I knew it! Keyes is going in manual! And PUI.
> MC: "PUI?"
> Cortana: "Piloting Under the Influence."
> MC: Ah.

(back aboard the Autumn's bridge)

Keyes: (imitating the Kool-Aid man and randomly moving the ship's control yokes) OHH YEAAAAHHHH! This "Magic Kool-Aid" is the shit!

(the lifeboat)

Cortana: Wouldn't you rather take a seat?
> MC: Nah. We'll be fine. So long as I have my HAPPY BOX! (breaks out an open cardboard box with "HAPPY BOX" sloppily written on the side with a paint marker.)
> Cortana: If I were religious, I'd be praying...

TO BE CONTINUED!

Will the Master Chief and the other cannon fodder...I mean, survivors...make it to Halo? What of Keyes? How and why were Chief and Cortana cybering? Why are the Marines so relatively competent in this mission and the next? And what of Sergeant Johnson, the ultra, nigh-invincible badass? Will Amuro make it to Halo? FIND OUT NEXT

CHAPTER! (cue cheesy rock music)

Next time: Halo - Giant Hula Hoop or Massive Onion Ring?

Author's Notes: IT HAS BEGUN! Stupid? Lame? Aye. But I find it amusing. I decided to rip off Team America: World Police with the Michael Moore bit. Awesomest. Movie. EVAR! And yes, I included Mobile Suit Gundam. I like the GMs. Bitchin' model kits. The Zaku kits blow, unfortunately. Feel free to give me comments. Maybe I will take suggestions. Please avoid ranting and pointless flames. They're a waste of time, electricity, and bandwidth. Don't bother unless you have something constructive to throw into the mix. Thanks.

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2. Mission Two: The Hula Hoop or Onion Ring

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Mission Two: Halo - Giant Hula Hoop or Massive Onion Ring?

Scene: When we last left our hero, the Hero of Time...er...the Master Chief, he was plummeting toward certain death in a tin can that looks like a Pelican dropship without any control surfaces or wings. Ionization begins collecting on the bottom of the lifeboat as it enters the ring's atmosphere. However...

Cortana: Uhh, hey, dumbass! We're coming in too fast! (the airbrakes fail)

> Pilot: Damn! We got a blue screen!

> MC: Oh dear GOD! We're all gonna DIE! (cue dramatic music)

> (The Master Chief puts the Happy Box from the previous chapter over his head)
Marine 1: If we don't make it outta here alive, I wanted to tell you...that I drank the last beer.

> Marine 2: YOU SONOFA--! BOOM! CRASH! VIOLENCE!

(cut to black, then fade into a view of the hatch of the life boat, with the Marines' bodies strewn about)

Cortana: Chief? Hellooooo? Hello? Chief! Wake up, dammit!

> MC: I'm up! I'm up!

> Cortana: The others didn't survive. (seductively) So it's just you and me, big guy.

> MC: Right. (picks up weapons, supplies, and ammo) There we go. Much better.

> Cortana: Hey, you might want to know that a Covenant U-boat...er...dropship is en route. They must be looking for survivors.

> MC: Crap. (takes cover behind a rock)

> (the flying horseshoe arrives and deposits a load of Covenant troops)
Elite: sniff sniff I smell...HUMAN GOOD GUYS!

> Red-armored Grunt: (points at the human bodies) That'd explain it, Excellency.
> Elite: SILENCE! (grabs the Grunt by the head and throws him over the cliff)
> MC: COVENANT SCUM! (tosses a grenade. Which explodes and sets off some of the grenades on the Grunts' belts) BOOM! BLAM! WHAMMO! EXPLOSION!
> Elite: (black and charred) Not quite dead.
> MC: RAWR! And stuff. (smashes the Elite's skull with the heel of his armored boot)

(A nearby structure that shoots blue energy into the sky)

Sgt. _Johnson_: All right, you fags! I want a defensive perimeter--! (gets smashed by a lifeboat)
> Marine 1: (steps out) Oh shit. We smashed Johnson!
> Marine 2: (from inside) We're bastards!
> Sgt. Johnson: (crawls out from under the lifeboat) I want a defensive perimeter around--! (gets smashed by a yellow school bus. Not the special one, the regular one)
> (Johnson kicks his way out through one of the many windows and lights up a cigar before continuing)
 Sgt. Johnson: As I was saying...(gets beamed in the head by a molotov cocktail)
> Anti-Gun Protestors: GUNZ ARE TEH UBAR EVIL!llone THEY KILL PPLZ!l GUNZ SHUD BE BAND AND MADE ILEGAL!lloneonenoen
> Sgt. Johnson: Guns don't kill people...(primes and chucks a grenade into the middle of the crowd) BOOM! ...I do. Now I want a defensive perimeter around this structure! Pronto!
> Marines: YES, SIR!
> (the Marines surround the place with the Navy personnel on the structure, armed with PISTOLS!)
 Navy Tech 1: 3y3 4m t3h snlp3r!ll
> Navy Tech 2: Dude, knock it off with that 1337-speak. You'll piss off the Marines.
> Navy Tech 1: Hehe. Sorry.
> Marine 2: Hey, look! A Mk.V! (points at the approaching, Covenant-blood-soaked Spartan)
> Marine 3: He's taller than I thought! And better-looking, too!
> Sgt. Johnson: It's good to see you, sir!
> MC: (brushes a Grunt intestine off his shoulder armor) Situation report.
> Sgt. _Johnson_: We're scattered all over the place, Chief. We tried calling for evac, but until you showed up, I thought we were boned.
> Marine 2: Incoming! We've got an incoming enemy dropship! (the dropship deposits its troops, who are immediately mowed down)

> Marine 1: Another one! O noes!
> MC: Why are they coming in one at a time?
> Cortana: Because the Covenant are stupid?
> MC: Makes sense.

(after a long, dull, and boringly repetitive battle...)

Foehammer: (over the radio) This is Pelican Echo-419! Is anybody readin' me?
> Cortana: Hey, bitch! Is that you?
> Foehammer: (over the radio) Hey, whore. Yeah, it's me. You won't get rid of me that easily.

> Cortana: Jealous that I'm with the Chief, now?
> MC: Ladies! There's enough of this Spartan to go around!

> Foehammer: (over the radio) Whatever. His dick doesn't even work anymore, thanks to those Spartan augmentations.
> Cortana: Hiss!
> MC: (sighs) I admit it. All this aggression is really just my pent-up sexual frustration. (cries) I CAN'T JERK OFF ANYMORE!
WAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!
> Sgt. _Johnson_: O-kay...What the hell?
> Foehammer: Okay, Chief, I'll let you use the Warthog.
> MC: Warthog? (sniffles)
> Foehammer: Yeah.
> MC: YAYS!
> (the Marines pile up in the dropship while the Master Chief and two victims...er...VOLUNTEERS man the passenger seat and the chaingun turret)<p>

(after much driving, they come to the Gorge of Eternal Peril. That is, the place where the light bridge is supposed to be. After finishing off the Covenant presence in the area...)

_Marine __Passenger_:Great. Now what?
> Marine Gunner:What do we do, Chief?
> MC: (thinking) Hmmm.
> Cortana: Hey! Who's that?
> (they see a crazed, bearded, blind man wearing tattered rags and chuckling to himself)
 Marine Gunner:Okay...wonder how he got here? (gets out and approaches)
> Bridge-Keeper: STOP! Who would cross the Bridge of Light, must answer me these questions, three! 'Ere the other side, you see?

> Marine Gunner: ...The hell? Okay, what are these questions?
> Bridge-Keeper: What is your name?

(in the Warthog)

MC: What the hell? Cortana: I don't know.

(at the Bridge)

Bridge-Keeper: What is your quest?
> Marine Gunner: To seek out my friends and comrades-in-arms. Also to kick Covenant ass.
> Bridge-Keeper: What...(dramatic pause)...is your favorite color?
> Marine Gunner: Red.
> Bridge-Keeper: Right! Off you go then!
> (the bridge of light appears)
 Marine Gunner: Okay. Thanks.
(waves to the others and walks across to the other side)

(in the Warthog)

MC: Where the hell is he going? (revvs the Warthog's engine and accelerates to the bridge)
> Bridge-Keeper: STOP!
> (the Warthog stops)
 MC: What is it, old man?
> Bridge-Keeper: Who would cross the Bridge of Light, must answer me these questions, three! 'Ere the other side, you see?

> MC: ...You're fucking kidding me.
> Bridge-Keeper: What is your name?
> MC: Master Chief Petty Officer SPARTAN-117.
> Bridge-Keeper: What is your quest?
> MC: TO DESTROY THE EVIL COVENANT! Oh yeah. And to save Humanity, too.
> Bridge-Keeper: What...is the air-speed velocity of a Covenant Banshee?
> MC: What do you mean? Halo 1 Banshee or Halo 2 Banshee?
> Bridge-Keeper: Oh...uh...I don't know that--(gets chucked into the Gorge of Eternal Peril, where he will continue to fall for all eternity. There is no bottom. As far as we know, anyway.)
> (cue the Zelda sound effect for the uncovering of a secret)

 Cortana_: What the futch? The bridge is on.
> MC: Oh well. Here I go! (accelerates and crosses the bridge, and stops to pick up the Marine Gunner)

(they head for a rocky slope in a canyon of sorts...)

MC: (singing horribly off-key) The hills are alive with the sound of muuuuuuuusiiiiiiiiic!

> Cortana, the Gunner, and the Passenger: SHUT UP!

> MC: Okay.

> Cortana: There are Marines in those rocks. And Covenant.

> MC: COVENANT SCUM! (floors it and they attack the Covenant charging uselessly uphill)

> (hiding and dodging among the rocks are FREEDOM FIGHTERS! Servants of God who fight against the EVIL, SATANIC COVENANT EMPIRE! Think "mujahadeen")
 Freedom Fighter 1: DEATH TO THE COVENANT INFIDELS! (fires an RPG-7 grenade at the Covenant)

> Freedom Fighter 2: (firing his AK47 wildly) Derka derka! Mohammed Jihad! Sherpa sherpa!

> (the fighting stops)
 MC: Are you guys all right?

> Freedom Fighter 3: Yes, Champion of God. It is heartening to see you. We have slain the infidels, cleansing them from these lands with their own blood!

> MC: Excellent.

> Freedom Fighter 2: We are low on munitions, however.

> MC: Dude. Your lifeboat still has ammunition and crap in it.

> Freedom Fighter 1: Oh...really?

> MC: Yeah.

> (the Freedom Fighters exchange looks, then go to fetch the ammo; they return just as the Master Chief sees a Covenant horsehoe flying in; Stinger missiles are fired at it, exploding and killing some of the Covenant troops inside)
 MC: Let's go!

> (the Warthog rushes toward the landing zone, with the gunner and the passenger pouring fire against the "unholy infidels"; all the while, the Chief is pulling off impressive evasive maneuvers, getting the Warthog through with a few burns from plasma fire.)<p>

(After the fighting ends, Foehammer returns)

Foehammer: Nice job, Chief! There's another group of Marines not too far away.

> MC: Thanks, Foehammer.

> Freedom Fighter 3: We must leave, Brother. We wish you luck in your quest to destroy the infidels!

> MC: Hahaha. Thanks.

> (the Freedom Fighters clamber aboard and are flown out by Foehammer)
 MC: Hmmm...(picks up a sniper rifle)
Sweeeeeeeet.

(after a long bout of fighting, the Warthog arrives at the third and final crash site)

MC: (snipes an Elite) Boo-yeah!
> Marine Gunner: Nice shot, sir!
> Cortana: Let's find those survivors and get a ride from that ho-bag.
> MC: Be nice, Cortana. All right, Marines! I want you two to secure this position as I go in.
> Gunner and Passenger: Yes, sir!

(the Master Chief finds the survivors and leads them out to the waiting Pelican dropship)

Cortana: Foehammer, we're going to have to rescue Captain Keyes, later on.
> Foehammer: What happened to him?
> Cortana: The dumbass got captured.
> Foehammer: Shit.

(aboard the Truth and Reconciliation)

Elite: (dressed in a black leather outfit) Talk, human! Where is your homeworld! Where is the Demon? The human in the special armor?

> Keyes: (drunk) Whatsh it to ya, bub? (gets energy-whipped) OW! JESUS!
> Elite: Your God cannot help you, now.
> Keyes: I ain' talkin' ter ya, bitsch!
> Elite: Very well. I see we'll have to do this the hard way. Bring me...THE DESTROYER! (snaps his fingers; a pair of Grunts advance, carrying a very large, long, dildo)
> Keyes:
Jesus-titty-fucking-(screams)CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSST!
SWEET MERCIFUL CRAP! THE PAIN! IT'S UNIMAGINABLE!
> Grunt 1: He's fakin' it.
> Keyes: How did you know? I overdo it?
> Grunt 2: Kind of. Almost had us going there for a minute.

> Keyes: So...uh...you gonna keep doing that?
> Elite: No. Instead, you will be forced to watch twenty-four hours of BARNEY THE PURPLE DINOSAUR!
> Keyes: SWEET JESUS, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(Keyes' scream could be heard all around the onion ring. I mean, Halo! I meant Halo!)

TO BE CONTINUED!

How will the Master Chief and the gang rescue Captain Keyes from his...er...torture? Why is the author such a sick-minded whacko? Whatever happened to Amuro and the mobile suits? Why the hell do I keep asking stupid questions? FIND OUT NEXT CHAPTER! Not the last question, though. Hehehe.

Author's Notes: Muhahahaha. Yes, I probably lack creativity. "THE

DESTROYER" is an inside-joke amongst me and some friends. Yes, it was an extremely long and thick dildo. They saw it in an adult store. No, I haven't seen it personally. But I figured it would be funny to use. Hahaha. I'm such an ass.

Tiger Tank

3. Mission Three: The Falsehood

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Three: The Falsehood and Disagreement

Scene: In the mountainous terrain, a lone Pelican dropship hovers a scant meter off the ground, unloading a team of Marines...and the Master Chief. It is a dark night, and the Truth and Reconciliation hovers over their heads.

Marine 1: Oooh...sparkly spaceship.

> Sgt. Johnson: (slaps the Marine) Whatchoo lookin' at, foo'?

> Marine 1: Owwww...nothing, Sarge.

> Sgt. Johnson: Stay alert.

> Marine 2: Sarge, how're we getting into that ship if it's in the air?

> Sgt. Johnson: There's a gravity lift that they use to ferry troops and supplies between the ship and the surface. That's our ticket in!

> Foehammer: Good to go! Call me if you need anything!

> Sgt. Johnson: Go, go, go! The Corps ain't payin' us by the hour!

> Marine 1: They're not paying us at all...damned cheap bastards.

> Sgt. Johnson: Stop your whining, you pansy.

> Cortana: (over the radio) Marines, stand by. The Chief is going to scout ahead and covertly pick off as many of the Covenant as he can. Your signal to attack will be enemy plasma fire. Okay?

> Marines: (hushed) Okay!

> MC: (acquiring a target through the sniper rifle's scope) Hehehe. I'm a GOD! Who will live? Who will die?

> Cortana: Chief?

> MC: GAH! What is it? I'm trying to snipe here!

> Cortana: If you press the button or key to activate your flashlight, you can use the Oracle scope's nifty night-vision feature.

> MC: (sarcastically) Gee, thanks, Cortana.

> Cortana: Any time, sexy.

> (Amazingly, none of the Covenant have heard this exchange, and are generally clueless when their comrades are falling over or slumping after a loud and mysterious BOOM!)
Random Grunt: Hmm...is it my shift, yet? (gets pwned)

> MC: Headshot!

(the Master Chief and the Marines advance until...)

Cortana: Stop! Covenant forces detected up ahead. Marines, hold your positions.

> (the Master Chief kills any immediately visible Covenant.)

Marine 2: (smoking a joint) Man, this blows. The Master Chief gets all the kills.

> Sgt. Johnson: Hey! Get rid of that, Marine! Or let me have a hit!

> Marine 2: Ummm...no?

> Sgt. Johnson: Boy, you'd best lemme have a puff of that shit or I will cram your balls up your ass, so that when you shit, you shit all over your balls!

> Marine 2: 'Kay. (hands Johnson the joint)

> Sgt. Johnson: Ohhh, daddy's been hurtin' bad...(takes a puff, holds it in and exhales) Awww, yeeaaahhh...

> Cortana: Hey! Quit getting high! We've got a job to do!

> Sgt. Johnson: Gimme a sec, Cortana. (takes another puff, then tosses the joint off the cliff) Much better.

> Marine 2: NOOOOOO! (jumps off the cliff after the weed)

> Marine 1: Flippin' idiot!

(after a long and repetitive routine of sniping enemy gunners and killing Covenant, they arrive at the gravity lift. Reinforcements are flown in by Echo 419.)

MC: Right then. Let's move in.

> (suddenly, a pair of Hunters drop in)
 Hunter 1:

RAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHH!

> Hunter 2: PREPARE TO FRY! (fires his fuel rod gun and kills a Marine) Hahaha!

> Marines: (running around and screaming like little girls)

AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEEEE!

> Sgt. Johnson: Die, you ugly bastards! (fires at a Hunter as it charges at him) Uh-oh.

> Hunter 2: GET READY FOR THE PAIN TRAIN, WOMAN! (knocks Johnson off his feet with its shield)

> Sgt. Johnson: (flies off the cliff) I'LL BE BAAAAaaaaaack!

> MC: (to Hunter 2) Who're you? Terry Tate?

> Hunter 2: What of it, bitch?

> MC: Oh hell no! (rips a fart and watches as the Hunter curls up into a ball)

> Hunter 2: That is STANK-Y! (dies)

> Hunter 1: GASPARZ!!11 You killed my brother! Prepare to die!

> MC: Crap. Not enough pressure to rip another one! (starts blinking)

> Hunter 1: The pain! THE HORROR! (falls to its knees) Make it stop! MAKE IT STOP! (dies)

> MC: Daaaaaaaaamn straight.

> Sgt. Johnson: (arrives with another shipment of Marine reinforcements) I'm back!

> MC: Just in time!

> (he and the Marines assemble on the grav-lift platform)

Marines: Oooooh...pretty lllllllllights.

> MC: (drooling) So...beautiful.

> Cortana: Chief...are you drooling in your HELMET?

> MC: Uh-oh...(shifts his helmet and allows the drool to

drain out) Sorry.

> Cortana: What're you apologizing for? You probably would've drowned yourself.

(They ascend into the Truth and Reconciliation)

Cortana: Motion tracker shows all clear. No Covenant forces detected.

> Marine 3: What? No Covenant? I guess nobody's home...(gets pwned)

> Stealth Elite: (waving a plasma sword) Hehehe.

> MC: (looks) Oh...myeeee...gawd...the Covenant have developed HUNTER-KILLER SWORDS!

> Cortana: Chief?

> MC: Yeah?

> Cortana: Shut up and shoot that cloaked Elite.

> MC: Oh! It's just an Elite? What a relief! (blinks and the stealth elite decloaks and slumps to the deck)

> Marine 2: (yelling at his dead compatriot) "No Covenant!" You just HAD to open your mouth!

(a fierce battle ensues, and the Marines, and Johnson, get slaughtered.)

MC: ...That went well.

> Sgt Johnson: (reappears in a flash of pink light with Marine reinforcements) Yeah. It didn't go as badly as it could have gone.

> MC: Yeah. I could have died.

> Sgt. Johnson: Yeah. That would've been the end. Of the Human race and of the story.

> Marine 1: Hey! A door!

> (they shoot the Jackal guards and hurry to find a locked door)

Marine 3: Damn! The door's locked on the other side!

> Cortana: Let's use the side passages, then.

> Marine 4: No ways! We'd be sittin' ducks in those narrow spaces!

> MC: You guys suck at Close-Quarters Battles, don't you?

> Marines: Yes. (all break out bags of weed and papers, and proceed to light up) Mmmm.

> MC: Dammit. Gotta do everything myself! (runs back and goes through the door way. He makes his way through the repetitive and winding corridors, slaughtering any Covenant with his flatulence, belching, sneezing, and coughing.)

(The Master Chief finally gets to the door control and slaughters the Covenant around him before opening the door)

Marines: Awww.

> Marine 2: You always get to have fun!

> MC: You weren't missing much. (farts and kills an Elite trying to sneak up behind him)

> Sgt. Johnson: Easy, Chief. You don't want to kill us, do you?

> MC: Maybe. (evil laughter) HAHAHAHA!

> Sgt. Johnson: (coughs) AHEM!

> MC: Sorry, did I do that out loud?

> Sgt. Johnson: Just a little.

> MC: Sorry. Let's get going.

(they continue through the corridors and come upon a hangar crawling with COVENANT SCUM!)

Marine 3: That's a lot of Covenant scum.

> MC: Bah. Just stay out of my way. (Walks into the center of the room and rips a loud, wet fart that goes for about a minute before finally subsiding)

> Elite: By the forerunner! What is that horrible stench? (asphyxiates)

(the Covenant all start firing at the Marines)

Marine 1: THROW GRENADES! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

> (the Marines all start chucking grenades)
 MC: Waitaminute! (BOOM!) (the Master Chief is black and charred) ...Grrrr.

> Marine 1: FRAG OUT! (throws a grenade, which bounces back and explodes in his face. Obliterating said face.)

> (While the Master Chief is sniping at Covenant on the upper levels, the Marines are running around, getting pwned by Covenant Grunts.)

Marine 3: (running around with a Grunt dry-humping his leg) OH GOD! OH GOD! GET IT OFF!

> Marine 4: THE GRENADE WILL SAVE YOU! (chucks a grenade, which detonates and kills both Marine 3 and the leg-humping Grunt) (BOOM!) Oops.

> Sgt. Johnson: Nice throw, dumbass!

> Marine 4: Thank you, sir!

> MC: It's not a compliment. (grabs the marine, primes his grenades, and tosses the suicide bomb at a hapless group of Covenant)

> Marine 4: I REGRET NOTHING! (ASPLODES!)

> Sgt. Johnson: You mind not killin' my men?

> MC: No. (grabs Johnson, primes his grenades, and chucks him at the pair of Hunters that just entered the room)

> Sgt. Johnson: Dammit! Not agaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnn! (ASPLODES!)

> (The Hunters' bodies fly a few feet into the air before hitting the deck with a clatter)
 Cortana: Got it! The door's open! We need to move through now! I can't guarantee that it'll remain unlocked.

> MC: Maybe we should summon reinforcements?

> Cortana: Why? Don't feel like going it alone?

> MC: Let's just say that they may have their uses.

> Cortana: Fair enough. Hey, Foehammer!

> Foehammer: What up, bitch?

> Cortana: Listen, whore! I need you to drop off some reinforcements.

> Foehammer: Fine.

> (The Pelican arrives and deposits a Marine NCO and some privates)
 Marine NCO: (turns the open alcohol bottle he's holding into a molotov cocktail) All right! Let's kick some Covenant ass!

> (the Marines pile out and follow the Chief through the corridors)
 MC: Please refrain from throwing grenades.

> Marine 4: Okay.

> Grunt: HUMAN!

> Marine 4: AAAAHHHHH! A GRUNT! (chucks a grenade, which bounces off the back of the Chief's helmet)

> MC: What the--? (gets caught in the EXPLOSION! and glares at the Marine) WHAT DID I JUST TELL YOU IDIOTS! (his seething gaze melts the Marine into a puddle of goo)

> (they reach the bridge)
 Gold Elite: (humming)
Laaaaa-da-di-da-di-daaaaa! (frowns at the sleeping Grunts) Eh.
> Marines: (burst into the bridge, guns blazing)
AAAAAAAHHHHHH! COVENANT SCUM! (they all start chucking grenades)

> Gold Elite: HUMAN GOOD GUYS! (ignites his glowy, blue plasma sword of DOOOOOOM!) ATTACK!
> MC: (hanging back, alternately shooting Grunts and killing Elites with hatred-filled stares) Goddamned idiots. (watches as the Gold-armored Elite pwns them) Well, shit...
> Gold Elite: DEMON! Your campaign of terror ends now!
> MC: Silence, Covenant scum! Your reign of evil will come to an end! (cocks his assault rifle)
> Gold Elite: (charges) PREPARE TO DIIIIIIIEEEEEEE! (gets mowed down) Ow.
> MC: Waste of a perfectly good magazine. Y'know, I wonder how they managed to squeeze sixty rounds into these magazines. It's mind-boggling.
> Cortana: Shut up, and head for that waypoint.
> MC: (reaches it) 'Kay. Now what?
> Cortana: What else? Let's look for Keyes!

(after a long and boring search, they finally arrive at a prison block)

MC: (marches into the room and immediately gets shot at) Uh-oh! (ducks back into the hallway) OW! something bit me! (stumbles and falls onto the deck)
> Warden: Kill the Demon!
> (the Grunts advance, Needlers and plasma pistols at the ready)
MC: I don't think so! (tosses a Plasma Grenade, which sticks onto a Grunt's face)
> Unfortunate Grunt: GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF! (EXPLODES! taking the other Grunts with him)
> (Plasma rifle fire starts hitting Master Chief)
MC: What the hell? What sorcery is this?
> Warden: You're pretty dense for being the one who slaughtered a countless number of my brothers and sisters.
> MC: Wait...there're female Elites?
> Warden: What? Did you think we reproduced asexually?
> MC: ...Uhhh.
> Warden: Enough talk!
> Cortana: Chief, they're cloaked Elites! Kill them, already!

> MC: I knew that! (rips a fart and the two Elites die)
> Warden: Oh shit.
> MC: Bring it on, Goldie!
> Warden: RIDICULOUS LEAPING ATTACK! (lunges at the Master Chief, his sword raised)
> MC: Moron. (puts a better part of his MA5B's magazine into the Elite before the alien lands)
> Warden: My shields!
> MC: Bye now! (unloads the rest of the magazine into the Elite's elongated head)

(the Master Chief lets out the Marines and frees Captain Keyes)

Keyes: Coming here was reckless! Thanks...(walks out of the cell)
Marines! Let's get ready to move!

> Marines: Yes, sir!
> Keyes: While I was being...interrogated, the Covenant were talking about this ring world. They called it "Halo."
> Cortana: One moment, dipshit, while I access the Covenant's internet. Which is mainly composed of pornography and fetish sites. They're saying that Halo is a weapon with vast, unimaginable power.

> MC: Like Dragon Balls? Does it pulsate with the power of a thousand moons?

> Cortana: More. And shut up with that joke. (A/N: look for "Harry Potter Meets DBZ" on Newgrounds) Anyway, they're looking for Halo's control room. At first, I thought they were directing scout parties to the bridge of a ship I disabled.

> Keyes: This is bad. If the Covenant get to the control room first, they'll be able to use Halo to pwn the human race. We'd be pretty fucked.

> Cortana: No shit, Sherlock.

> MC: Respectfully, sir, I think we should get the hell out of here before we start planning any campaigns.

> Keyes: Let's move!

> (the doors give off that damned tone; just before they open, the MC chucks a frag grenade at the door)
Marine 1: Nice throw.

> (The grenade goes off and kills the two cloaked Elites standing right by the door.)
Elite: WAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

> MC: Hehehe. Elites go boom!

(they make their way back to the bridge, watching as the MC slaughters the Covenant troops)

Cortana: (over the radio) Hey, slut! We need a ride outta here!

> Foehammer: (over the radio) Sorry. You guys need to find your own ride, 'cause I'm being chased by Covenant fighters.

> Cortana: Well, we don't have evac, Captain.

> Marine 3: Aw, man! We're trapped in here! We're screwed! We're screwed, man!

> Marine 2: That's a big fuggin' understatement.

> Keyes: Quit bitchin', you whiny crybabies. Cortana, if we can get to one of those Covenant dropships, we can make like Grand Theft Auto and hijack it.

> Cortana: I like the sound of that, sir. There's a dropship still docked.

> Keyes: (breaks out a baseball bat) Let's get this party started.

> MC: (staring) ...You're fuckin' kidding me.

> Keyes: (smacks the MC with the bat) Do not mock the Mighty Smiting Bat!

> MC: (stares) "The Mighty Smiting Bat?"

> Keyes: Yes! The Mighty Smiting Bat!

> Grunts: EEEEEEEK! SMITING BAT! RUN AWAAAAYYYY! (scurry away as Keyes chases after them, swinging the Mighty Smiting Bat)

> MC: (exchanges looks with the Marines) Shall we?

> (they all shrug and follow Keyes down to the hangar)<p>

(They arrive at the hangar)

Elite: Wort wort wort! (gets smited by the Mighty Smiting Bat) URK!

> Grunt: (gasps) LEADER DEAD! RUN AWAY! (gets smited by the Mighty Smiting Bat and plunges to his doom at the bottom of the hangar bay) WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH! SPLAT!

> Keyes: (swinging the Mighty Smiting Bat around wildly) WHO ELSE WANTS SOME?
> Marine 1: I think you got him, sir.
> Keyes: Oh...okay.
> MC: I pushed the button!
> (the dropship maneuvers so that it can load up passengers)
Keyes: Okay, everyone mount up!
> Cortana: Give me a minute to access the flight computer.

> Keyes: No need. I'll take this bird out, myself.
> (The Danger Zone by Kenny Loggins starts playing)
Cortana: Captain! Hunters!
> (a pair of Hunters run into the hangar bay, their fuel rod guns priming)
Keyes: Hang on! (accidentally reverses the ship into the wall) Oops. Here we go!
> (the ship flies forward and turns the Hunters into orangey, gooey pulp)
Marine 2: (singing) IIIIIIIIIIIII weeeeeent tooooooooooo theeeeeeeeeee DANGER ZONE!
> Marine 3: (singing) Take it riiiiight
iiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnntooooooooo the DANGER ZONE!
> Cortana, Chief, Keyes, and Marine 1: SHUT THE FUCK UP!
> (the dropship tries to leave the hangar bay and crashes into the wall instead)
Keyes: Oops.

(the dropship maneuvers around and finally leaves the dropship after hitting the edges of the bay a few more times)

TO BE CONTINUED!

Next time: The Random-and-Not-So-Silent Cartographer

Author's Notes: MUHAHAHAHA! Yet another chapter done. I was having a hard time trying to make this one amusing. It will probably only get harder and harder as I go through the missions. Blargh, I suck. I will probably recycle jokes. MUHAHAHAHA!

Tiger Tank

4. Mission Four: The RandomCartographer

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Four: The Random-and-Not-So-Silent Cartographer

Scene: It's a beautiful and sunny day, with little or no cloud cover. Beautiful day to go to the beach! The UNSC Marine strike force aboard the flight of Pelicans thinks so, too, as they are being dropped on the beach for a barbecue. The Master Chief is gazing warily outside the OPEN rear hatch of his Pelican dropship at the second dropship which is a scant fifteen meters away, flying in the jetwash with seemingly NO TURBULENCE OR ANY DIFFICULTY AT ALL.

> Keyes: (over the radio) Yo, bitch! S'up?
> Cortana: (over the radio) The Covenant are slowing us down, some.
> Keyes: (over the radio) Okay. Just do what you gotta do. We have to find Halo's control center, no matter the cost! Failure is not an option.
> Cortana: (over the radio) Aye-aye, sir.
> Foehammer: (over the radio) I'll stay on station and keep and eye out for Covenant bogies.
> Marine NCO: (over radio) Second squad, ready to roll as soon as everybody's top-side.
> Keyes: (over radio) Good luck, people. Keyes out.
> MC: So now what?
> Cortana: (VO) There should be a security room where we can unlock the door.

(they arrive on a scene with plenty of Covenant and an abandoned Warthog with dead Marines and all manner of munitions laying around in the blood-stained sand)

Grunt: HUMAN!

> Marine Gunner: EAT THIS, BASTARD! (opens up and turns the Covenant into hamburger)
> MC: (walks up and picks up one of the hamburgers)
Hmmm...(sniffs) bleaugh! McDonald's hamburgers! The Covenant truly must be evil!
> Marine Passenger: (whining) I'm hungry. Pass me one o' those, wouldja, Chief?
> MC: No.
> Marine Passenger: Pleeeeeeeeeeaaaaaassssssseeeee?
> MC: NO!
> Marine Passenger: (whining) You're not nice!
> MC: Meh...(leaves)
> Marine Gunner: You're such a lazy ass.
> Marine Passenger: I know. But I'm hungry.
> Marine Gunner: Y'got any weed?
> Marine Passenger: Naw...I forgot it.
> Marine Gunner: FOOL! (slaps the Marine Passenger's helmet)
NOW HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET HIGH?
> Marine Passenger: I don't know. Snort sand?
> Marine Gunner: ...You are a goddamned idiot.
> Marine Passenger: I know you are, but what'm I?
> Marine Gunner: Shut up.
> Marine Passenger: Isn't this scene supposed to be done? Go bother the Chief! (glares at the camera)

(the Master Chief - after slaughtering a pair of Hunters, a pack of Jackals and Grunts, and an Elite - finally arrives at the security console)

MC: Finally! (stares at the dazzling holographic display)

Ooooooh...soooo pretty...

> Cortana: (VO) Chief? You're drooling in your helmet.
> MC: (snaps out of it) Oh! Oh! Right! (presses the button) I pushed the button!
> Cortana: (VO) That you did, Chief. That should open the locked door. Let's get moving!
> MC: Y'know, it almost feels like a goddamned Zelda game...

> Cortana: (VO) Hush!

> Stealth Elite: I WILL ANNOUNCE MY PRESENCE BY MAKING LOUD AND OBVIOUS SOUNDS!
> MC: Ghosts! EEEEEK!
> Stealth Elites: ...
> Cortana: (VO)...Idiot.
> MC: Oh. Right. (looks carefully, then shoots both the cloaked Elites in their heads)

(the Master Chief makes his way back to the waiting Marines, who are eating lunch)

Marine Passenger: Aww, man! He's back! (puts away the Arby's sandwich)

> MC: Let's go! (puts the pedal to the metal)

(they arrive to find that Hunters have taken up positions by the entrance)

Marine Gunner: Oh shit!

> Hunter 1: Demon! Your slaughtering of innocents ends here!

> Hunter 2: (poses and does a girly little pirouette; in a bad falsetto) In the name of the moon, I will punish you!

> (everyone nervously stares at Hunter 2, including the camera and recording crews)
Hunter 2: Oh...oops. Hehe. What?

> Hunter 1: You're not my bond-brother. I don't even KNOW you.

> MC: Whatever. (runs them both over, accidentally getting one of the cameramen, and enters the facility)

(after slaughtering the Hunters...)

Foehammer: (over the radio) Incoming enemy dropships!

> Marine NCO: (over the radio) Everyone get ready!

> Cortana: (over the radio) Can you guys make it inside?

> Marine NCO: (over the radio) Nah! It's too far of a walk! We'll be fine!

> Cortana: (over the radio) Okay, it's your funeral.

> MC: So...

> Cortana: (VO) Let's get this over with and find that map, Chief.

> MC: 'Kay.

(after slaughtering the Grunts and the Elites)

Cortana: There! That's the Silent Cartographer!

> MC: Okay. (presses the button) I pushed the button!

> Cortana: (VO) Shut up. Analyzing...how strange. A shrine is an unlikely place to put such an important room.

> Cortana: (over the radio) Cortana to Captain Keyes! We've found the location of Halo's control center!

> Foehammer: (over the radio) Sorry, Cortana. We've lost contact with the Captain. He's either out of range or having equipment problems.

> Cortana: (over the radio) No, really? Well, we need to get to the control room. Give us a ride, bitch.

> Cortana: (VO) Let's get back to the surface, Chief.

> MC: Sounds good. (shudders)

> Cortana: (VO) What's wrong?

> MC: I felt a disturbance in the Force. It was as though the

entire squad of Marines suddenly cried out and died because of a lame-ass game trigger.

(the Master Chief leaves and finally emerges at the surface after slaughtering all who opposed him)

MC: Finally. (gets aboard the Pelican)

> Cortana: (over the radio) Here's a flightplan and crap I've worked up for you to follow. I just hope you're not illiterate.

> Foehammer: (over the radio) You crazy, bitch! This is underground!

> Cortana: (over the radio) Since you obviously didn't notice, I'll have to tell you: Halo is honeycombed with underground tunnels. We can use them to get to the Control Room.

> Foehammer: (over the radio) Whatever, you crazy whore. This thing can't turn on a dime, y'know!

> Cortana: (over the radio) Look at it this way, dumbass. The Covenant wouldn't expect us to do anything this stupid.

> MC: So...uh...where'd Keyes go, anyway?

> Cortana: (VO) He interrogated a Covenant prisoner and got the location of a big Covenant liquor and weed stash.

> MC: That lucky f--!

(meanwhile, in the swamp...)

Keyes: Let's get this door open! For booze and weed awaits me!

Er...I mean, us!

> Marine: Okay, sir. But it looks like the Covenant worked pretty hard to lock it down.

> Keyes: JUST DO IT! Daddy needs his happy juice. Keyes needs the happy stuff!

> Marine: Okay, okay! (presses the key and mutters) Goddamned spaz...

> (the door opens and they enter...the door ominously closes behind them and locks itself; a moment later, there is desperate pounding on the door and muffled screams coming from the other side)
Keyes: (on the other side of the door) THAT ELITE LIED TO MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
(screams like a little schoolgirl)

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next time: Assault on the Room of Shining and Blinking Lights!

Author's Notes: Hey! I didn't have to recycle jokes as much as I had anticipated. I never got around to it, but thanks for the reviews and encouragement, guys. Unfortunately, as it was in the game, the next mission will be the last we ever see of the stoner marines! O noes!

And no, we haven't seen the last of the Mighty Smiting Bat of DOOM! But there will be other sacred relics that are as powerful as, if not more powerful than, the Mighty Smiting Bat. Who knows? I DON'T! I'M MAKING THIS SHIT UP AS I GO! AH-HAHAHAHAHAHA!

As some people would say, I'm scary/insane.

Blitzkrieg6

5. Mission Five: Assault on the Room

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Five: Assault on the Room of Shining and Blinking Lights!

Scene: Inside the intricate, capillary-like tunnels of Halo, Echo-419 comes to a dead-end and maneuvers to deposit the Master Chief on a ledge where two Shade turrets sit. The Covenant Grunts panic and flee, crying for their mommies. And for the Elite who was obviously waiting in the corridor.

MC: (hops out) Booyah! (hops into a Shade turret and starts blazing away at the Covenant trying to exit)
> Elite: (standing in the door way) For Mother Russia, comrades! Do not turn your backs on her!
> Orange-armored Grunt 1: MOTHERLAAAAAAAAND! (charges out with the Elite and gets pwned)
> Orange-armored Grunt 2: No way am I going out there!
> Red-armored Grunt: Yeah. Fuck it.
> (the MC enters the corridor where they were cowering and kills them both)
MC: Oooh...plasma 'nades! (picks them up)
> Cortana: Let's get this over with, Chief...

(they fight their way through the corridors and the repetitive rooms, slaughtering all who would oppose them until they come to a door that opens into the outdoors)

Cortana: (VO) That's fucking weird. I guess whoever designed this funhouse wanted this region of the ring to have inclement weather.

> MC: (shushes her; imitates Elmer Fudd) Be vewwy, vewwy quiet.
> (Grunts can be heard sleeping)
MC: Hehehehe...(breaks out a can of shaving cream) Raid time!
> (the MC quickly goes to work, spraying shaving cream on the Covenant Grunts. All the while, he and Cortana are snickering uncontrollably and taking pictures. Their antics are interrupted...)
Marine NCO: (over the radio) This is Fire-Team Zulu to any UNSC personnel!
> (the Grunts wake up, blinking and shocked by the fact that they're covered in shaving cream)
MC: (promptly kills the Grunts by farting) Dammit! Ruined my fun!
> (a Pelican flies over the bridge, then drops like a stone to deposit a number of Marines and a Warthog)
Cortana: (VO) Let's get moving, Chief.
> MC: Blah. (slaughters the Grunts and Jackals and the red-armored Elite)
> Bridge Guardian Elite: (brandishes his plasma sword threateningly) DEMON! PREPARE TO MEET THINE DOOM!
> MC: Eh. (tosses a grenade which lands right next to the gold-armored elite)

> Bridge Guardian Elite: EEK! A SPIDER! (leaps off the bridge in an attempt to distance himself from the fuzzy, blue, glowing "spider") WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!ll (hits the canyon floor with an audible and comical WHAP! like when Wile E. Coyote smashes into the ground)
> MC: Owned! (makes his way down, slaughtering numerous Covenant, and finally comes upon the exit into the cannon.)
 **(Author's Note: This actually happened to me. The bastard was hiding behind the wall, so I chucked a plasma grenade. Trying to avoid it, he leaped to the side and off the bridge. Flippin' IDIOT! GOSH!) **

(the Master Chief spots a nearby Shade turret, takes out the gunner, and fires at the far Shade gunner; the gunner dies.)

Cortana: (VO) Heads up!

> MC: Huh? (avoids the plasma bomb of doom) Wow. What the hell?

> Wraith Pilot: Die, Demon! I shall crush you with the sheer weight of my horribly inaccurate yet potentially lethal barrage!

> MC: Meh. (advances toward the Warthog, sniping Jackals and Grunts with the deadliest weapon in his loadout: the PISTOL! **A/N: What? It's actually pretty damned useful. Of course, it's no Elite-killer like the Needler. Still pretty freakin' good, though.**)

> Marine 1: Chief! Hey! Over here!

> MC: Stand back! (flips the Warthog, which promptly smashes a Marine) Shit. Oh well. (hops in)

> Marine 2: Crap! (climbers into the passenger seat)

> Marine 1: Game on! (mans the chaingun)

> (the Master Chief proceeds to run over and maim the Covenant, dodging most of the enemy's return fire)
 Wraith Pilot: (trying to hit the Warthog) Grrrrrrr...stupid...slow...projectiles...uh-oh! (ASPLODE!)

> (the Chief and the Marines move on to the next part of the canyon)
 MC: A SCORPION TANK! f0mgZ! (bails out of the Warthog, leaving the Marines in the LRV, and rushes to get to the Scorpion tank)

> AI: Hello and thank you for piloting the M808B Main Battle Tank! You may call me--

> MC: SHUSH! (starts blasting the Covenant, laughing like a maniac) AH-HAHAHAHA! FEAR ME!

> (the Covenant in the immediate vicinity lay dead among the burning hulks of Ghost hoversleds)
 Marine 3: Lets get the hell outta here!

> Sgt. Johnson: Stow that garbage, Marine! Or I'll drill holes in your dick, so that when you pee, it comes out in all different directions!

> Cortana: (VO) We need bullet-shields--er...help.

> Sgt. Johnson: Okay, Marines! Time to pay back the Chief for saving your sorry behinds!

> (the surviving Marines hop aboard the Scorpion Tank)
 MC: It's PLAYTIME! (he blazes through the level, destroying Grunts, Jackals, Elites, Shade Turrets, Ghosts, Wraiths, Banshees, and even a few pairs of dancing Hunters until...)

(at those stupid pillars that won't let you pass with the tank)

MC: (trying to force the tank through) NOOOOOOOO! This isn't fair! Why can't I bring the tank with me!

(shortly, the Master Chief has left behind his compatriots and is making his way to the Control Room.)

Control Room Guardian: (dressed up like a WWII Russian officer and giving a speech through a megaphone) We shall stop the Humans' Champion! Here: at the Control Room! The Prophets and your loved ones are all proud of you! If any of you retreat without orders, you will be shot! If any of you hesitate, you will be shot! If any of you question orders, you will be shot!...

> Grunt: (raises hand) Excellency, wouldn't it be wiser to guard the Control Room itself, rather than the entrance? (gets shot and reduced into a pile of goop)

> Control Room Guardian: (puts away the venting plasma rifle) Does anyone else have objections?

> MC: (steps onto the scene) I do.

> Control Room Guardian: THE DEMON! (ignites his plasma sword)

> MC: (sticks a grenade to the gold-armored Elite's helmet) Bye, now!

> Control Room Guardian: (rushes at the Master Chief) YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN FATE! WE DIE TOGETHER!

> (the Master Chief sidesteps and trips the Elite, who is sent tumbling to the bottom of the pyramid)
 Control Room Guardian: WAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE! (BOOM!)

> Grunt 1: Leader dead! Run away! (gets owned by the Smiting Bat)

> Blue-armored Elite: He has the Mighty Smiting Bat!
> Red-armored Elite: Do not fear...(breaks out...)
> MC: (halts) No!
> Grunt 2: The Destroyer! We're saved!
> Red-armored Elite: Prepare for pain, Demon! (lashes at the Master Chief with The Destroyer, wielding it like a naginata)
> MC: Ack! (parries the blow)
> Grunt 3: Who wants popcorn?
> Blue-armored Elite: Gimme!
> Grunt 4: (breaks out a boom box which starts playing Duel of the Fates) Me likey popcorn!
> (the Covenant watch as the two warriors duke it out with their sacred relics)
Red-armored Elite: I can smell your fear!
> MC: Do you even know where that thing's been? It's been in Keyes's ass! Not to mention god-knows-how-many crevices and holes.

> Red-armored Elite: ACK! (chucks the thing at the Master Chief, who dodges it Matrix-style)
> MC: You've just disarmed yourself, bitch.
> Red-armored Elite: Oh, poo-doo.
> Blue-armored Elite: I guess it's the end of the road for us.
> (the MC slaughters them all)
MC: Yay. (moves on and enters the control room)
> Cortana: (VO) Try that panel.
> MC: Blah, blah, blah! I'm the MASTER CHIEF! I think I'd know how to use a goddamned computer! (looks at the screen) "Push Any Key." (pauses) Which one's the "'Any' Key?"
> Cortana: (VO) Ugh...idiot! Just stick me in there.
> MC: ...? (looks)
> Cortana: (VO) No! Not there! There!
> MC: ...? (looks)
> Cortana: (VO) Yeah. That one.
> MC: (sticks her in) How is it?
> Cortana: (appears in the holographic display) Holy CRAP! There's photo-shopped pics of you and Samus getting it on! And...Keyes getting ass-raped by those Covenant. Oh, hey! There're those pictures we took when we were raiding the Grunts on the bridge! Eww...the Prophets dominating the Arbiter? Tartarus and Miranda Keyes? AAAAAUUUUUUUGH! THE IMAGES! (gets bitchslapped by a gigantic mouse pointer) Ow. Okay...
> MC: Whoa...slow down. You lost me at me and "Samus" getting it on. Who the fuck is Samus?
> Cortana: Don't you know anything? (shows him a picture)
> MC: Whoa...she's kind of hot.
> Cortana: She's single...
> MC: Sweet!...Er...I mean, let's stay focused. How do we use Halo against the Covenant?
> Cortana: You must gather the three stones and bring them to the Temple of Time. Uhh...no, wait. Um...
> MC: Uhhh...What is Halo, anyway?
> Cortana: Halo is a fortress world, designed to...that can't be good. Keyes! That booze and drug stash he's looking for!
> MC: What? What is it?
Cortana: It's...! Nah. I'll let you find out the hard way.
> MC: You're such a fucking bitch.
> Cortana: And proud of it!
> MC: Fuck...(walks out of the Control Room)

(the UNSC encampment; like in the book)

> Guard 1: (smoking weed) Dude...guard duty sucks.
> Guard 2: I hear that. (inhales deeply) Could be worse.
> (a little tentacled horror lurks in the shadowy brush just behind them)<p>

TO BE CONTINUED...

Is the Control Room really a storage device for the omniscient Forerunner's porn collection? Where did the Grunts get the boom box? What is that tentacled horror stalking those hapless, stoned Marines? What happened to Keyes? Why the hell is Johnson in this mission when he's supposed to be with Keyes? What new dangers and adventures await the Master Chief?

Next Time: The UBAR-SUPER-1337-NINJA-KILLER-SPACE-ZOMBIES! (Or "The Space Zombies")

Author's note: Yes, I acknowledge that I'm biting off of Combat Devolved's jokes. Mainly because: a) I was out of ideas for jokes; and/or b) they were just that good. But that's not the only thing I've been biting off of, or making fun of, if one were paying attention. 'Sides, it's for fun. No need to point out what's already quite blatantly obvious. Just try to enjoy it. If you can't, then just stop reading. It's that easy.

Besides, this is partly my venting about how messed up Halo is. Yeah, it's a frickin' game. But there are some things that can't be forgiven. Some of these things must be made fun of, because I feel that they are just plain ridiculous. That's kind of why I used the joke about the crappy game physics in the first mission. I was also pissed that you couldn't pick up a weapon prior to meeting up with Keyes.

Yes, I know my writing isn't that great. But hey, it could be worse. A lot worse. Either way, though, thanks for reading and reviewing.

TigerTank

6. Mission Six: The Space Zombies

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Six: The UBAR-SUPER-1337-NINJA-KILLER-SPACE-ZOMBIES! (Or "The Space Zombies")

Scene: The camera moves through the dark and spooky swamp with a bunch of fleeing Covenant. It stops at a pond where Echo-419 is dropping off the Chief. Carrying an M16A1 and somehow managing to fit a steel-pot helmet on his head (with the old 'Nam camo pattern helmet cover), he hops off the Pelican with music from the 1970s blaring from the gunship's PA.

Foehammer: Once you find Captain Keyes, call me and I'll pick you up, Chief.

> MC: Thanks, Foehammer.

> (the Pelican dusts off, and the Master Chief walks out of the pond. He notices the fleeing Covenant)
 MC: This is weird. They usually run away from me. Not toward me.

> Grunt: DEMON! We kill you now!

> (the Master Chief slaughters them all)
 MC: All too easy...(hears a radio transmission recording and sees a downed Pelican with weapons, munitions, and glowing signal cones scattered around the crash site)

> Recording: (staticky) ...Keyes has been captured. We've been engaged by enemies...not Covenant...need...to work...on...Shatner...impression...

> MC: Hmmm...(picks up an ammo can of 8-gauge shotshells) Gee, I really wish I had a FUCKING SHOTGUN to use these shells with...

> (the Master Chief makes his way through the swamp until he comes across a downed U-boat which looks like it's been slashed into bits by a powerful energy weapon)
 Grunt: Curse you! (fires at the Master Chief, who rips a fart to kill all the Covenant at the crash site)

> MC: That's weird. I thought it was impossible to down any aircraft except for the Banshee. (spots the downed RX-78-2 Gundam)

> MC: Ooh, sweet! A Gundam! (trots over and commandeers the mobile suit) Muhahaha.

> (the Master Chief proceeds across a massive tree that is growing sideways to form a bridge. He comes across a battle in progress. Over the audio pickups, he can hear the chatter of automatic weapons)
 Grunt: (scurrying away) FLEEEEEEEE!

> (the Grunts and Jackals take notice of the Gundam and soil themselves)
 Red-armored Grunt: Oh shit...

> MC: Bye-bye, now! (opens up with the head vulcans and turns the Covenant into hamburger)

> (the Master Chief spots the entrance to the underground "cache")
 MC: Hmmm...I wonder...(tries to squeeze the Gundam in with little to no success) Dammit!

(the Master Chief makes his way deep into the facility, slaughtering the few Covenant standing guard until he arrives at a certain door...)

MC: Okay...let's do this. (the door opens and a Marine screams like a little school girl) Whoa!

> Marine: (shooting wildly at the Chief) Stay back! Stay back! You're not turning me into one of those things! Don't touch me, you freak! You won't make me like them! I'll die first! I'll die!

> MC: What the hell is your malfunction?

> Marine: (still shooting)

Sarge...Bisenti...Mendoza...they're gone! Get it? GONE!

> MC: Keyes! Where is Keyes?

> Marine: (sobbing and still shooting) Played dead! That's what I did! Played dead! Oh god, I can still hear them! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

> MC: Okay...(walks away)

> Marine: (sniffles) Hey! Wait! Where're you goin'? Don't leave me here alone!

> (the MC leaves the room and the door hisses shut behind him)

Marine: (whining) I'm scared...don't leave me...(he hears a slithering sound) Oh god...OH GOD! NO!
> (a writhing swarm of shadows engulf the Marine as he screams shrilly like a little girl) <p>

(meanwhile, at another door)

MC: (pauses) I coulda sworn I heard someone screaming like a little girl...(shrugs) Eh, whatever.
> (the door opens and another Marine's body flops out)
 MC: (shrieks like a little girl) EEEEEEEEEK! (fires at the corpse) Oops...

> (the MC enters the room, dragging the body with him. He picks up the mission disc and views the mission log of one Private Jenkins...)<p>

(aboard a Pelican, the Marines are getting high)

Marine 1: (exhales) Hey, Sarge? Why we gotta listen to this shit for, anyhow?

> Sgt. Johnson: (takes a hit and growls) Watch your mouth, boy! This "shit" should remind you what we're fightin' to protect!

> Marine 2: Sarge...we're listening to recordings of crappy rejects from that old American Idol show. Don't we usually use 'em as psy-ops to confuse and demoralize the enemy?

> Marine 3: "Crush the Nazis with your mind!"

> Pelican Pilot: (over the radio) We're coming in! Get set, Marines!

> Sgt. Johnson: Go, go, go!

(the recording fast-forwards up until they enter the room that the MC just entered)

Marine 3: I have a bad feeling about this!

> Obi-Wan Kenobi: Well, my good sir, I believe I created that line. Therefore, you are in violation of copyright act section four-oh-three, subsection three-hundred-and-thirty-three.

> Sgt. Johnson: (guns the Jedi down) Shut up, sucka.

> Marine 2: Hey, do you hear that?

> (the Marines and Keyes listen)
 Keyes: It sounds like...

> (a swarm of Flood Infection forms overwhelm the humans and the recording stops abruptly)<p>

MC: ...I think I'll be leaving now. (goes back to the door; it doesn't open) Uh-oh...

> (the Infection forms flow into the room)
 MC: Hmmm...(farts, making all of the little buggers pop) All too easy...

> (a towering humanoid figure staggers into the room)
 MC: What the crap?

> Combat Form 1: RAWR RAWR RAWR RAWR RAWR! Me hungry! You food!

> MC: ...What the hell? (gets whacked and sent flying across the room) Ow...

> Combat Form 2: OLIOLIOLIOOOOOOOOOOO!

> MC: OH GOD!

> Combat Form 3: I know kung fu! (poses)

> MC: (runs out of the busted door, screaming) My ears! MY BRAIN!

(after battling countless phrase/nonsense-spewing Flood combat forms, the Chief manages to reach an elevator to the surface)

MC: (panting heavily)

> Foehammer: (over the radio) Chief! Chief, are you all right? I lost your signal when you went into the structure! What's going on down there?

> (the elevator stops and the Chief is greeted by a platoon of disturbed-looking Marines)
 Marine 1: Chief! Thank god! We were attacked by these...these things! Recommend we get the fuck outta here!

> MC: 3y3 4m t3h snlp3r!11

> Marine 1: CHIEF! SNAP OUT OF IT! (whacks the Master Chief with the Mighty Smiting Bat, sending the Spartan sprawling on the floor and breaking the holy relic in two) ...Ohhhh shiiiiit...

> Marine 3: Dude...you broke the Mighty Smiting Bat!

> Marine 5: Aw, man! We're screwed! We're screwed! Game over, man! Game over!

> (all the Marines except for Marine 1 start crying like babies, fearing for their lives)
 MC: (gets up) Oww...thanks, Corporal. (stops at the sight of the broken bat in the Marine's hands) ...

> Marine 1: (gets nervous) Uh...er...I can explain...

> MC: (sobs)...The Mighty Smiting Bat has been broken...THOSE COVENANT SCUM SHALL PAY WITH THEIR SOULS! (whips out another relic)

> Marine 6: Oh god...

> Marine 4: It can't be...it's not possible!

> Marine 2: We're all gonna die!

> MC: I hoped we wouldn't have to use this...but...(brandishes the Kitchen Sink) Time to break out the heavy artillery!

> (the Marines exchange despaired looks and they all exit; they retreat toward a pond, and their numbers begin to dwindle)

Marine 4: We're fucked! We're gonna die!

> MC: (wailing away on the combat forms with the Kitchen Sink) No surrender! We shall take as many of them to hell with us! (notices that all the Marines are dead) Oh, fuckberries!

> (as the hordes of Combat forms close in, the Master Chief is mystically teleported to the top of a structure that towers over the swamp)
 MC: What the--? (gets hit by a glowing blue droid/bot/construct) D'OH!

> 343: Hello!

> MC: What the hell're you? Are you a fairy?

> 343: I am the convenient and annoying plot device, three-four-three Guilty Spark. And I am here to make your life a living misery. I require your assistance; come with me.

> MC: No way, pal! I've had enough of these repetitious levels! Unless...the next one is going to be a change in pace?

> 343: Uhhh...sure, whatever. Let's go! (teleports the Master Chief) Haha. A level this far in the game that isn't so repetitive? Silly human! (disappears in a column of light)

TO BE CONTINUED...

What happened to Amuro? Where has 343 Guilty Spark taken the Chief? What of Johnson? Or Keyes?

> Why is the Master Chief carrying an M16? Why the fuck is it that people don't read the author's notes?
 Is this the end for the Master Chief, who has become so desperate that he broke out the

Kitchen Sink?

Next Time: The Spawning Pool of Crazy Librarians

Author's Note: Hey, guys. Apart from a certain reviewer (I'm sure it's pretty obvious who I'm referring to),

> I would like to thank you guys for the props. I kind of enjoy writing this nonsense, and I'm glad you guys
 enjoy it. I've been in the process of working on a serious Halo fic (it's been in the works longer than this

> on-the-fly parody). Kinda weird, and I'm hoping that the idea will be novel. Break away from all the
 "f0mgz, a self-insertion Spartan team!"; the "Marine-turned-Spartan/supersoldier"; the "badass 1337

> ODST platoons"; and stuff like that. Don't get me wrong, the plotstories are fine as long as they are

> well-executed. And I like stories about the Marines (AKA: cannon fodder). It's just that some of them
 are done to death - and rather poorly in some cases, I might add.

Anyway...I hope you guys enjoy the rest of this crazy crap. I'm over half-way done! D

Tiger Tank

7. Mission Seven: Library

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Seven: The Spawning Pool of Crazy Librarians

Scene: The Master Chief teleports into a dark, spooky (not to mention repetitive) facility. In a flash, the Monitor 343 Guilty Spark teleports in.

MC: Hmm...this place looks awfully repetitive...are you sure it's--?

> 343: The Flood contamination is spreading, Reclaimer! Time is of the essence! (speeds ahead)

> MC: W-wait! (follows, and immediately finds himself surrounded by Flood combat forms)

> Flood Combat Form 1: (wearing shades) Hello, John. Surprised to see me?

> MC: Yes and no.

> Flood Combat Form 1: You know, the good thing about being me, is that there are so many me's!

> MC: Yes, wonderful. (cocks his assault rifle) You all die, now.

> Flood Combat Form 2: r0fl!1 that not how u ply!

> Flood Combat Form 3: a losar is yuo!1

> (the Master Chief guns down the swarm of Combat Forms)
 MC: (rubs the sides of his helmet) Ugh...I hope we get outta here, soon.

I'm gonna go freakin' nuts...

> Flood Combat Form 4: Cheer up, emo kid.

> MC: (blasts the Combat Form) I AM NOT EMO!

> 343: (far ahead of the Master Chief) Come along, Reclaimer.

> MC: (shoots at Guilty Spark) YOU! WHY WON'T YOU SUMMON YOUR ROBOT BITCHES TO HELP ME?

> 343: Oh, waaahhh! (summons the bitchbots) While we're at it, shall I call you a WAAAH-bulance? Should I dial WHINE-ONE-ONE?

> MC: SHUT UP! (picks up a plasma pistol, overcharges it, then fires at the AI construct)

> 343: (unfazed) Stop wasting ammunition, Reclaimer. You'll be needing it.

> MC: Grrr...(picks up a Needler and empties the thing at Guilty Spark)

> (BOOM! FIERY! PINK! EXPLOSION!)
 343: (unscathed) Hahaha! While your antics are amusing, I suggest we keep moving, Reclaimer.

> MC: Fine.

(after countless corridors...)

MC: (panting and reloading his shotgun) Are we there, yet?

> 343: We must now go through the non-fiction section. After that, we must go through the sci-fi novels, then the...(gets blasted by a rocket and gets sent flying) WAAAAAAHHHHH!

> MC: (discards the smoking boom tube) Much better...waitaminute...what's that sound?

> 343: ...aaaaAAAHHHHH! (flies in and beans the Master Chief in the head, knocking him over)

> MC: (points) DAMN YOU AND YOUR CHEAP INVINCIBILITY!

> 343: Quit whining and get up, you douchebag.

> MC: Grrr...I swear, when I get the chance, I'm gonna...(follows Guilty Spark)

(after even more corridors, they arrive at a door)

343: Doing all right, Reclaimer?

> MC: (shaking profusely and twitching uncontrollably) Me...am...teh...fien...

> 343: Splendid. (the door opens and a horde of Flood Combat Forms leap through)

> Flood Combat Form 1: GOGOGOGOOGOGOGOGGO!111eoneoneoen

> Flood Combat Form 2: I LOVE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE! I HAVE A BONER FOR MURDER!

> Flood Combat Form 3: ph34r m3, n00bz!11

lolololololoolllollolllllllol!11ononeoenoen

> Flood Combat Form 4: prpare 2 die, n00b!1

> Flood Combat Form 5: ur mom l4m0!111oneone!11

> MC: AAAAUUUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHH! (charges to the Index, ignoring all the Flood Combat forms)

> 343: Excellent. (takes the Index away from the Chief)

Protocol requires that I be the one to handle the Index. Your organic form is too frail a carrier for it.

> MC: THEN WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU NEED ME FOR?

> 343: (pauses)...That's not important.

> MC: (breaks out the Kitchen Sink) PREPARE TO DIE!

> 343: O noes! My one weakness! (attempts to escape)

> MC: RAAAAAAAUAUUUUUUUGGGGGGGHHHHHHH! (chucks the Kitchen

Sink at the Monitor, knocking him out of the air)
> 343: No! No! Please have mercy!
> MC: NO MERCY FOR YOU! (bashes Spark with the Kitchen Sink until it shatters into pieces)
> 343: HAHA! I AM TRULY INVINCIBLE!
> MC: (fumes)...Just shut up and get us back to the control room so we can destroy the Covenant.
> 343: Right! (they both teleport out)

TO BE CONTINUED...

Will the horde of Flood Combat Forms finally be destroyed? What of the Covenant? What of the UNSC
> survivors from the Pillar of Autumn? Whatever happened to Robot Jones? Er...I mean...whatever
 happened to Sergeant Johnson? Why was this chapter so goddamned short?

Next time: Double Cross!

Author's Note: Sorry for the lack of updates. But it's almost done. And I'm going to have to start going to
> classes, in a couple of weeks, I think. Maybe less. I haven't been feeling very creativefunny, lately. Thus
> the lack of hilarity. I realize that this sucks. But if any of the readers have played Halo, I'm sure they would
 understand that there wasn't a lot of things to crack jokes about. It was mostly monotonous and repetitive
> levels filled with Flood.<p>

Lameass excuses aside, thanks for the reviews, people. It's somewhat reassuring.

I'm still hacking away at the tangled mess that I'm trying to shape into a fic. It's ending up like a
> TV series. So not much chance of a good conclusion. But hopefully it'll be interesting enough to read?
 Blah. Probably not. I suck.

Tiger Tank

8. Mission Eight: Double Cross!

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Eight: Double Cross!

Scene: the control room. In the center is a massive holographic display with a catwalk going around it. At the entrance, there are two flashes of bright light and two figures appear. One is the hulking Master Chief, and the other is the annoying Monitor, 343 Guilty Spark.

343: (appearing in the flash of light) ...And that is how baby Sangheili are made!

> MC: (dashes to the side of the catwalk, removes his helmet, and upchucks) HUURRRGGGHHH!

> 343: My, my! Such weak constitution!

> MC: (wipes his mouth and dons his helmet) Fuck you. (notices something) Hey, where's Cortana?

> 343: Come along, Reclaimer. (floats to the control panel, humming insanely to himself) Haha! I am a genius!

> MC: (mutters) And I'm the Hero of Time...

> Link: I know how you feel, dude. (jerks a thumb over his shoulder) Navi gets kind of annoying...

> Navi: I HEARD THAT! (drags Link off-scene by his ear) I'll give you something to bitch about, you ungrateful snot!

> MC: (watches the Legend of Zelda duo leave) ...Where the fuck did they come from?

> 343: The slightly deranged author that lacks creativity.

> Author: SHOVE IT, SPARK!

> 343: And what are you going to do about it? Hmmm? Is ums gonna cry?

> Author: Ohhhh, hell no! (appears in a ball of light, decked out in a battle dress uniform with a strange device strapped to his back, and carrying a lasgun; basically looks like an Imperial Guardsman out of WH40K)

> 343: Oooh! Big bad meatbag!

> Author: (grins evilly) Say "hello" to my li'l friend...(slings the lasgun over his shoudler and breaks out the funky device; the weird thing that Tartarus used on Spark in Halo 2)

> 343: NO! NOT THAT! ANYTHING BUT THAT! That's not possible! Illogical! How...?

> (the Monitor is seized by the power of the device, and effectively incapacitated)
MC: (rushes over to the Author) THANK YOU!

> Author: Don't thank me yet, Chief. You've a long road ahead of you. I've just alway wanted to do this...hold this, wouldja? (hands the device to the Master Chief)

> MC: 'Kay.

> (the Author whips out the lasgun and opens up on the AI construct. Nothing happens. Grousing, he takes a sticky-bomb out of his pack and puts it on the AI. It explodes, sending the pieces of Guilty Spark flying everywhere.)
MC & Author: YES! (high-five)

> Cortana: (VO) Dude...you just killed the plot device.

> Author: Meh. Don't worry about it. (snaps his fingers and disappears)

> 343: (teleports in) What? NO! I was in robot heaven! All the zeroes and ones...it was so beautiful...

> MC: ...What about activating the Halo?

> 343: Ah yes! (hands the Chief the Index; with his magnetic thingy, of course! He has no hands!) Units of my classifcation are not worthy of such an important task as reuniting the Index with the core. That final step is reserved for you, Reclaimer!

> MC: Laying it on awfully thick, eh?

> 343: What? Me? Never!

> MC: Well...here goes. (sticks the Index in)

> (something starts powering up with the cheesy sound effects from Dragon Ball Z...then sputters)
343: Strange. Then again, this facility was influenced by Soviet design...

> MC: ...You're a commie?

> 343: Of course, comrade Reclaimer!

> MC: That explains all the conveniently locked doors! And here I was, thinking that it was cheap level design...

> 343: In a sense, that is true.

> Cortana: (appears) Oh, really?

> (Guilty Spark falls to the deck, deactivated)
 MC: Cortana?

> Cortana: I've been sitting here, cooped up for the past twelve hours, watching you toady about helping that THING get set to slit our throats!

> MC: Hold on...he's a friend...

> Cortana: NOBODY LIKES YOU!

> MC: (sniffles) But...but...

> Cortana: Guilty Spark lies to us! He hates Master Chief!

> MC: No! He's our friend! He likes us!

> Cortana: SHUT UP! And get me out of here...

> MC: But...

> Cortana: Look, dumbass. Do you have any idea of what this ring is supposed to do?

> MC: (shakes his head) Nuh-uh.

> 343: A construct? In the core? That is absolutely unacceptable!

> MC: (to Spark) Shut up.

> Cortana: (ignoring the Monitor) It doesn't kill Flood; it kills their food! Human, Covenant, whatever! We're all equally edible to them. The only way to stop the Flood was to starve them.

> MC: ...

> Cortana: Don't believe me? Ask him! (gestures to Guilty Spark, who is huffing angrily at their inattentiveness)

> MC: ...(stiffly turns to face Spark)...Is it true?

> 343: More or less. This ring has an effective radius up to a kajillion light years. But once the other rings follow suit, this galaxy will be quite devoid of life. Why would you hesitate to do what you have already started?

> MC: (slips Cortana's memory chip into his helmet) Don't pull any philosophical bullshit on me, pal.

> Cortana: (VO) Yeah. He can't understand any of it.

> MC: HEY!

> 343: Anyway...give me your holo-bitch, or I will take her from you.

> MC: No way! She's my ho!

> Cortana: (VO) Awww, how sweet...

> MC: Shut up, bitch!

> Cortana: (VO) Asshole!

> 343: ...(turns to the Sentinels who have quietly entered the room) Save his head. Dispose of the rest.

> (Spark teleports out and the Sentinels close in around the Chief)
 Cortana: (VO) Look out!

> MC: Oh shit!

> (the Sentinels start firing their wussy lasers at the Chief)
 MC: (runs around on the catwalk, firing wildly at the bots)

> (after a fierce battle, the last Sentinel explodes and the Master Chief starts running for the exit)
 Cortana: (VO) We have to stop Guilty Spark from setting off the ring. We'll have to slow him down by damaging or destroying a few generators which are conveniently in the same region. We have destroy Halo. We could use the Pillar of Autumn as a suicide bomb, but we'd need Keyes' CNI implants. But first, we'll have to take care of these generators.

> MC: Okay.

> Cortana: (VO) I'll put navpoints so that you aren't completely lost...

> MC: COVENANT SCUM!

> (a bunch of Grunts and a pair of Elites are pwning a bunch of Sentinels)
 Elite: The Demon!

> MC: I'm glad to see you guys. But you have to die, now. (rips a fart, deactivating the Sentinels and killing all the Covenant present) Behold! The gaseous stench of Master Chief's breakfast bean burrito!

> Cortana: (VO) I'm glad I'm in here and not out there.

> (the Master Chief proceeds down the pyramid, slaughtering all the Covenant, until...)
 MC: Is that...?

> Wraith Pilot: PREPARE TO DIE! (starts firing at the Master Chief)

> MC: SONOFABITCH! (runs to a pile of dead Flood bodies) Wow...it's a freakin' arsenal.

> Gold Elite: DEMON! YOU KILLED MY BRETHREN! PREPARE TO--!

> (the Master Chief rips a fart, killing the Covenant)
 MC: Oops...(picks out a rocket-launcher, then blows up the Wraith tank) Sweet...

> Grunt 1: We're all gonna die!

> MC: That you are. (looses a rocket at the Grunt, sending the little bugger flying)

> (the Master Chief 'jacks the conveniently parked Banshee and follows the navpoint to the first generator)
 MC: (finds the generator) Oooh...kinda purty.

> Cortana: (VO) Eyes on the prize, Chief. You need to walk directly into the beam to disrupt it. Of course, it'll leave you without your shields and extremely vulnerable.

> MC: Faugh! What could possibly go wrong? (walks in and gets zapped) AAAAIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!

> (BOOM!)
 MC: ...That hurt.

> (a bunch of Sentinels fly in and start firing their lasers at the Master Chief)
 MC: This sucks! (runs out past the Sentinels and finds that there are two Banshees on the outcropping)

> Cortana: (VO) We have to get to the next valley. Fly down to that door and go through it.

> MC: 'Kay. But how is it that this new Banshee mysteriously appeared out of nowhere?

> Cortana: (VO) In case idiots like you decide to throw the old one over the edge for kicks.

> MC: Hey! That's not very nice!

> Cortana: (VO) Quit bitching.

> (the Master Chief makes his way through the level, slaughtering Covenant, Sentinels and Flood alike, finally making it to the last generator)
 MC: (walks in and immediately starts getting shot at by shielded Sentinels! O NOES!) O NOES!

> (the Master Chief blows up the Sentinels)
 MC: I'm assuming that I'm about to be assaulted by a wave of rocket-launcher-wielding Flood Combat Forms. (he waits. Crickets chirp) Well?

> Cortana: (VO) Chief...just disable the last generator and finish this fucking level.

> MC: But where're the Flood?

> Cortana: (VO) Do you want to be assailed by a mob of voracious, 1337-speaking, gangrenous zombies?

> MC: No! I didn't sign up to star in Resident Evil!

> Cortana: (VO) Quit your bitchin', nancy. The Flood aren't coming up here, so disable that generator so we can move on and get off this frickin' onion ring.

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Tiger Tank

Mission Nine: That Dumbass Keyes

Scene: it's night time and the Truth and Reconciliation hovers over that same damned valley. But it's leaking coolant like crazy, and Flood and Covenant are duking it out on the ground with anything they can get their hands on. From folding chairs to weapons to Pokemon, they battle it out. The camera view switches over to an empty corridor. Suddenly, the Master Chief appears in a flash of light, still carrying his Vietnam-era gear, but armed with a wimpy plasma pistol (again) and an M16. However, there is one small problem...

MC: (falls onto his head) AAAAAAAHHHHHHH! (DONK!)
> Cortana: (VO) Oopsies. Hehehe.
> MC: (slaps the back of his helmet) Bitch.
> Cortana: (VO) Sorry, asshole! There, I apologized. Now we need to get to Captain--!
> Keyes: (VO) Chief...don't be a fool...no...booze...
> Cortana: (VO) He sounds like he's in pain.
> MC: (sarcastically) Naw, ya think?
> Cortana: (VO) Bite me.
> MC: How do we get to him?
> Cortana: I don't know. Let me get our bearings...
> MC: Screw this. (proceeds through the corridors, slaughtering Flood and Covenant alike until he comes to a massive hole in the deck. Down below is a massive pool of coolant.)
> MC: I wonder if I can make it to the other side?...
> Cortana: (VO) Chief, you'll have to--!
> MC: (does a crappy imitation of Mario) Heeeeeere we goooooo! (jumps and doesn't make it) Aw, crap! (sees the pool of coolant below) I sure hope nobody peed in there!

(SPLOOSH!)

MC: Damn, this coolant's thick. And cold. Extremely cold.
> Cortana: (VO) We'll have to make our way toward the gravity lift so we can get inside.
> MC: Hmmm...(spots a fallen RGM-79C GM) How convenient! (hurries over and gets into the cockpit)
> Flood Combat Form: 0mg j00 h4x0r n00b f4g!1loenoneone
> MC: (smashes the combat form with the GM's fist) WHAT'S MY NAME?
> Cortana: (VO; getting turned on) Mmmm...Chief!
> MC: (ignores her and starts pwning the Covenant scum and gangrenous zombies) HAHAAAAHA! I rule you all!
> Cortana: (VO) Oh yeah!
> Elite: DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE! (gets pwned by a Combat form and gets turned into one)
> Elite Flood Combat Form: ur language iz silly! (finds itself staring down the barrel of the GM's rifle) HAX!1! (gets pwned by the Master Chief)
> MC: (maneuvers the GM into the gravity lift, but nothing

happens) What the...?

> Cortana: (VO) Either the mobile suit is too big or too heavy, or the Covenant shut off the beam. I'm guessing it's one of the first two choices.

> MC: Screw it. (the GM leaps and enters the hangar bay doors, blasting every living thing in the hangar)

> Cortana: Nice job. At least we have an escape route.

> MC: Yeah. Otherwise, I would've had to single-handedly battle through a horde of Covenant scum and icky Flood zombies.

> Amuro: (jets in with the Gundam) _GAAAANDAAAAAMUUUU! IKIMAAAAAAAASSSSSUUU!_

> MC: Amuro Ray? What the futch are you doing here?

> Amuro: I am Roeking fol Matirda-san!

> MC: What?

> Amuro: I said...man, fuck you, author! Ya racist bastard!

> Author: (appears on one of the uppper levels, this time dressed like a Storm Trooper from WH40K) Everybody's a little bit racist, Amuro. Deal with it.

> Amuro: Goddammit. You suck!

> Author: No, you suck.

> MC: You both suck.

> Author: Watch your mouth, Chief.

> MC: Or what?

> (the Author snaps his fingers and a horde of drooling, dripping, oozing, groaning, moaning, gangrenous Flood zombies mill about on the hangar deck)
 MC: Oh, fuckberries.

> Amuro: Bah! (tears most of the Flood to shreds while he stomps the rest into pulp) Anyway, I'm looking for Matilda!

> MC: I thought she died, dude.

> Amuro: What?

> Cortana: (VO) Subject found. Matilda, or the Flood combat form she was transformed into, is currently under the Gundam's left foot.

> (the author snickers)
 Amuro: (maneuvers the Gundam so that it can look at its left foot) MATIIILLLLDAAAA! TEH NNNNNNOOOOOOO! We were supposed to get married! And have hot, gratuitous, dominatrix sex in black leather!

> Char: (barges in with his MS-06S Zaku II) AMUROOOOOO!

> Amuro: (prepares to fight) CHAAAAAAARRRRRR!

> Char: (breaks out the heat hawk of doom) AMUROOOOOO!

> Amuro: (breaks out the beam saber) CHAAAAAAARRRRRR!

> Author: Goddammit! Get a fucking room, you goddamned douchebags!

> Amuro & Char: Okay. (they both get out of their mobile suits and start searching for a place to have hot, graphic yaoi sex. But because the author doesn't swing that way, and because he isn't totally insane, they are merely torn to bloody strips by a gang of black-armored Grunts)

(the Master Chief finds a massive Flood Carrier Form. With Keyes' face on the back of its head.)

Cortana: (VO) HOLY SHIT! He's one of them!

> MC: ...Dude...that's cool!

> Cortana: (VO) You know what you have to do. What he'd expect us to do...

> MC: (whips out a WH40K chainsword and starts hacking away) YAAAAAAAHHHHOOOOOOO!

> Cortana: (VO) Sicko.

> MC: (picks up the CNI chips) You know you like it. (holds up the CNI chips)
> (cue the Legend of Zelda item theme) (DA-DA-DA-DAAAAA!)

Text: **You got the Command Neural Interface chip implants. Stick these into your helmet so that Cortana
> can turn the Pillar of Autumn's reactors into a freakin' bomb!
SOMEBODY SET US UP THE BOMB!
> Cortana: (VO) O-kay. That was random.
> MC: What're you talking about? This whole fic is filled with random nonsense!
> Flood Combat Form 1: (barges in) WE WILL HEAR NO MORE INSINUATIONS AGAINST ZE GERMAN PEOPLE!
> Flood Combat Form 2: Nothing bad happened in 1939!
> Flood Combat Forms 1-6: (give and hold the Nazi salute)
_Sie werden sich hinsetzen! Sie werden ruhig sein! Sie werden nicht beleidigen Deutschland! _
> MC: ...What the fuck?
> Author: Sorry, Chief. Couldn't resist throwing that in here, somewhere.
> MC: When I get outta here, you are so dead!
> Author: Is that a threat? You know, a bunch of gold-armored Elites armed with plasma swords and plasma rifles could oh-so-conveniently show up and slaughter you. Then corpse-hump you. Then cyber-rape Cortana.
> MC: (staring)...I'll be good.
> Author: I knew you would. (disappears)
> (the Nazi Flood Combat Forms attack the Master Chief and are slaughtered)
 Black-armored Grunt: (waddles in, wearing a Waffen S.S. helmet) _ACHTUNG!_ ZE DEMON!
> (a troop of black-armored Grunts waddle in, their weapons, including a pair of Fuel Rod Guns, trained on the Master Chief)
 MC: I'm pretty fucked.
> Black-armored Grunt: Zat you are, _Herr_ Demon.
> (the Grunts are suddenly pwned by Flood Combat forms) <p>

(after fighting his way through Covenant and Flood, the Master Chief returns to the hangar bay, only to find the mobile suits missing)

MC: WHAT? Dude! Where's my mobile suit?
> Cortana: (VO) I dunno, dude! Where's your mobile suit?
> Elite: Enough of your shenanigans, Demon! YOU DIE NOW!
(gets pwned) Ouch!
> MC: (hijacks a Banshee after killing the Elites guarding it) Yoink!
> (two stars appear on the Chief's Heads-Up Display)
 MC: What is this? Grand Theft Auto?
> Cortana: (VO) Quit bitching. We just got one more mission before we're through with this stupid story.
> MC: So where to?
> Cortana: (VO) Home, James. We have a reactor to blow up.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next Time: The Gaping Expanse

Author's Note: Blah. I hope that this one was funny. I tried. College is pretty overwhelming to me. Lot of
> crap to learn and cover. I just hope I can hack it. Anyway, just

one more to go before I finish doing this
 silly series. I'll try to work on it, but I haven't played the missions in a long, long time.

And speaking of things I haven't played or seen in a long, long time, I'm still working on that LoZ/WH40K

> crossover. It's pretty fuckin' lame. I tried, though. I am guilty of Mary Sueism! f0mgz! TEH UBAR EVIL!
 Hahahaha. Actually, I'm coming close to finishing it. I'm setting up the final battle between Link and

> Ganon, the gigantic pig dude with those big swords of his. You LoZ folks know what I'm talking about,
 right?

Anyway...yup. I've yet to start on that winter season fic that I mentioned before.

Tiger Tank

10. Mission Ten: The Gaping Expanse

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading a number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearing and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Ten: The Gaping Expanse

Scene: A lone, smoking Banshee makes its way toward the downed Pile of Shit...er...the Pillar of Autumn. The ground is pretty torn up and dead-looking, probably because the giant spaceship landed on the surface, thus plowing up a huge stretch of the ring's surface. The Banshee begins its descent, heading for an empty lifeboat slot in the side of the ship.

Cortana: (VO) You're coming in too low! Pull up! PULL UP! (CRUNCH!)

> (The wrecked Banshee plummets to the ground below as the Master Chief pulls himself up into the blown-out lifeboat bay.)
 MC: Who da man?

> Cortana: (VO) You did that on purpose, didn't you?

> (The Master Chief holds up the twisted remains of his M16 and sighs)
 MC: Meh. (ditches the FUBAR M16 and breaks out an M7 submachinegun)

> Cortana: (VO) Hey! Where did you get one of those? Those don't appear until the sequel!

> MC: Oh...really?

> (They suddenly realize that a group of Sentinels are floating around the Chief's head)
 MC: Ummm...crap.

> Sentinel: Good-bye, meatbag.

> (the Sentinels fire...)<p>

(...and get shot to hell by the Chief)

Sentinel: (looks around) Robot hell?

> Robot Devil: (appears in a gout of flame) **HELLO,

```
> (The introduction to an upbeat musical number starts playing) <br>
_Sentinel_: ...Oh hell!
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Cortana: (VO) Yeah...you fucked 'em up pretty good.
> MC: Yup. (hurries off)

> 343 (VO) Hahaha. I am a genius! And I'm sapping your databanks of information. Oh, and I've stopped the countdown. Hahaha.

> Cortana: Why that litte...(squelches Guilty Spark) At least we don't have to listen to his insane ranting.
> MC: So how're we gonna blow up the generators, now?
> Cortana: Well...I will make up some technobabble and we'll just have to destroy the reactors with explosive devices.
> MC: You mean grenades?
> Cortana: Duh. (pauses) Chief, get me outta here!
> (Just as the Master Chief pops Cortana's chip into his helmet, Sentinels start firing into the bridge from outside the viewports)

 MC: WEAK! (kills the Sentinels) So we're off to the reactor room, then?
> Cortana: (VO) Yup.

(On the way, the Master Chief comes across an armory and starts reloading. He ditches the now-empty submachinegun and takes up a pistol. Looking through the racks filled with G3s, M16s, AK47s, MP5s, and various other assault rifles, he picks out an M4A1 with an M203 grenade-launcher attachment and his MA5B. He slings the latter across his back.)

MC: (admiring the M4) Sweeeeeeeeet.
> Cortana: (VO) You do realize that it uses a smaller round with less stopping power, right?
> MC: But I get to use a fucking 'nade-launcher, baby! (thinks about it) Damn. You're right. (Picks up a SPAS 12 shotgun) Booyah!
> Cortana: (VO) Whatever. You'd be better off with the M90.

> MC: Bleh. But it's not nearly as bad-assed as this one!

> Author: (walks in, dressed like an Imperial Guardsman of the Steel Legion) I remember this place! It had those fucking cloaked Combat Forms on the other side of the room! (**Author's Note**: I swear! I was exploring the armory and I found a crapload of cloaked Combat Forms! Lazy Bungie programmers. Or foreshadowing the future? Probably just a bug.)
> MC: You're fuckin' jerking us, aren't you? Flood can't use cloaking devices!
> Author: No, really! It really happened!
> Cortana: (VO) Chief...I'm picking up movement...
> (the other door to the armory mysteriously opens)
 MC: What the...? (gets whacked) OOF!
> Author: I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU! But did you believe me? Noooo, no, no! "Flood can't cloak" huh?
> MC: (kills the cloaked attackers, revealing them to be combat forms) Holy shit! You weren't kidding!
> Author: Tricksy little combat formses! They not our friends! They hates us!
> (the MC and Cortana, somehow, stare at the Author with perturbed expressions)
 MC: O-kay. We're gonna go blow up the reactors, now.
> Author: Can I come?
> MC: ...Uhhhh...
> Author: (waves his hand and murmurs) Of course I can come!
 MC: (monotone) Of course you can come.
> Author: (waves his hand and murmurs again) I have the hots for Samus Aran.
> MC: (monotone) I have the hots for Samus Aran.
> Author: (waves his hand and murmurs yet again) I made pee

pee in my pants!

> MC: (monotone) I made pee pee in my pants.

> Cortana: (VO) As amusing as this is, I think we should get moving.

> Author: 'Kay. (the Master Chief looks around)

> MC: What the fuck just happened?

> Author: (innocently) Nut'n. (snickers evilly off to the side)

> MC: Cortana...what did he do?

> Cortana: (VO) Nothing. It's what you did.

> MC: What?

> (As they make their way to the reactor rooms, Cortana recounts what the MC said)
 MC: **WHAT! **

(in the reactor rooms)

MC: Okay. So I have to get up onto the catwalks, hit the consoles, jump down onto the moving shaft, then chuck a grenade into the vents. Lather, rinse, repeat?

> Cortana: (VO) That's right, Chief.

> Author: Ooh! Ooh! What do I get to do?

> MC: You can burn in hell!

> Author: (waves his hand) I wear Hello Kitty underwear.

> MC: (monotone) I wear Hello Kitty underwear.

> Cortana: (VO) Play nice, boys.

> Author & MC: Yes, Cortana...

> Samus: (lands next to them) Hey, guys. Can you tell me how to get out of here?

> MC: Holy crap! Who're you?

> Author: Your girlfriend, remember?

> MC & Samus: Girlfriend?

> Author: (waves his hand and murmurs) Samus, I want you inside me.

> MC: (monotone) Samus, I want you inside me.

> Samus: ...What the fuck?

> Cortana: We need to blow up the reactors...**TODAY!**

> Flood Combat Forms: HAX!lll

> Sentinels: OOGABOOGA!

(after a long, repetitive, and irritating process involving wholesale slaughter of Combat Forms and Sentinels, the gang is on the elevator)

Samus: (removes her helmet and gasps) Holy shit! What were those things?

> MC: (jumps) Holy shit! It's you! And you really are hot...

> Samus: Um...thanks.

> Author: (snickers insanely to himself) "We must protect this house! We must protect this house!"

> Samus: What's his problem?

> Cortana: (VO) He's the author. We're at his mercy. And he's not exactly right in the head.

> Author: I'm not crazy! I'm the only one that's not crazy!

> Navi: Hey! Listen!

> Link: Shut up, Navi.

> MC: Who the hell're you?

> Link: I'm Link! The Legendary Hero of Time! Wielder of the Master Sword!

> Cortana: (VO) That's nice, kid.
> Foehammer: (over the radio) Hey, guys! You alive, down there?
> Cortana: (VO) No, we're dead! OF COURSE WE'RE ALIVE, YOU DUMB BITCH! GET US OUTTA HERE! The reactor's are gonna blow any minute!
> Foehammer: (over the radio) Sheesh. Damn bitch! Hurry yo' asses up!

(they come across a bay filled with Warthogs. But the Master Chief finds...)

MC: What's this doing here? (points to ****The General Lee**** from Dukes of Hazzard)

> Samus: Dunno, but I call shotgun!
> (the Chief and Samus jump into the car like Bo and Luke)
 MC & Samus: YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-HAAAAAAWWWWWWW!
> (With the Chief behind the wheel, The General Lee takes off with Sheriff Coltrane in hot pursuit)
 Coltrane: I'll git those Duke Boys, this time!
> Link: (huffs) Great. What about us?
> Author: (in a mock German accent) I haff somethingk else in mind. (strides over to a parked Panzer Mk.VI "Tiger" tank)
> Link: What in the name of Din is that thing?
> Author: Panzerkampfwagen Mk.VI Tiger heavy tank. Looks like a 1944 model...
> (they both get in)
 Author: Now, Link. I need you to be the machinegunner. I'll drive.
> Link: If you say so.
> Lawyer: (runs before the tank and pants) Too late. (points at the author) You there! You are in violation of
> copyright laws, blah blah blah blah blah...
 Author: Actually...lemme see that machinegun for a sec...(cocks the mounted weapon)
> Lawyer: (looks nervous) ...Um...ah...blah...er...legal term...big word...
> (the machinegun opens up, killing the lawyer)
 Author: Take that! (starts up the tank and accidentally reverses into the wall) Oopsies! Hehehe. (changes direction and deliberately runs it over the lawyer's body as they leave the bay) Hehehe.
> Link: (cowering) Navi? Make the bad man stop!
> Navi: Whaddya want me to do? Besides, that lawyer got what was coming to him.

(after a long, long, repetitive bout of racing through a corridor and pulling off Dukes of Hazzard stunts, the Master Chief and Samus arrive at the platform where Foehammer is supposed to pick them up. They get out and see the Pelican flying in with Banshees on its tail. And a TIE fighter?)

Darth Vader: (flying his funky TIE fighter) I have you now! (fires and makes Echo-419 ASPLODE! in overexaggerated explosions effects; the TIE zooms off into space)
> MC: (drops to his knees) NNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
> Coltrane: (stops) I've got ya this time, you Duke boys...! Hey! You're not Luke and Bo!
> MC: (still sulking) Duh!
> Samus: (pats him on the shoulder) It's okay. (sees the Tiger tank rumbling toward them) And I think we should get moving. The author's caught up to us with his "mascot."

> (the camera whirls around to face the Tiger tank, which has just crushed the remains of The General Lee)
 MC: I wish I were in there...

> Samus: We're wearing armor. We probably wouldn't even fit!

> (KABOOM! A bunch of Flood Combat Forms are blasted into bits)

> Link: (reloading the main gun) How come I have to be the loader?

> Author: (firing the machinegun) Because you can't aim! Aren't you done yet?

> Link: Just finished. Can I--?

> Author: Let me readjust...there! ****Fire!****

> Link: YAY!

> (BOOM!)

> Flood Combat Form 4: f0mgz u haxxing n00b fag!11 u sux0rz lyk ur mom u lam0! r0fl! (****BOOM****!) OW fuk u!11

> Link: (gleefully) I pushed the button!

> Author: So are you still going to sic your fangirls on me?

> Link: Nah. I forgive you!

> Author: (sighs in relief) Good.

> Link: Uh-oh...

> Author: What?

> Link: No more bullets! (points at the tank's now-empty magazine)

> Author: Fuck. Let's get out of this thing!

> (After he and Link get out, the Author tosses a pair of grenades into the tank)
 (****BOOM****!)

> Author: Waste of a perfectly good tank.

> Flood Combat Form 14: lolololz!11 u die, u n00b!1

> (the Author kills the Combat Form)
 Cortana: (VO) Uh, guys? I think we ought to get going. ****NOW****!

(everyone piles aboard the Longsword, which jets out of the hangar bay, frying a bunch of Combat Forms)

Link: (whimpering) We're not gonna make it...

> Johnson: (to the Elite) This is it. Hold me, baby.

> (He and an Elite embrace...and the Elite grabs Johnson's ass)
 Author: ****Get a **room**!**

> (the onion ring explodes in a fantastic explosion reminiscent of the Death Star's new explosion. The one with the fancy shockwave effect. The original didn't have that. ANYWAY...)

> MC: Finally, I can take this helmet off. (removes the helmet to reveal...)

> Samus: (GASP!) OH GOD!

> Link: (stares) ...

> Navi: Great Scott!

> Johnson: Jesus!

> Elite: Wort wort wort!

> Cortana: (VO; screams) EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!

> Author: Never woulda guessed...

> MC: (with the back of his head facing the camera) What? What're you guys so freaked out about?

> Samus: (glomps the Chief) TAKE ME! I'm yours, you hot stud!

> Johnson: That was really unexpected.

> Elite: Indeed. (everyone stares at him) I mean...ah...wort! Wort wort wort!

> MC: (puts the helmet back on while being hugged by Samus) Cortana...erm...scan the surrounding debris for anything.
> Cortana: (VO) Just dust and echoes, Chief. It's finally over.
> MC: Wrong! It's just gettin' started, baby!
> Author: Right! Cast party after the credits! w00t!

TO BE CONTINUED?...

Author's Note: Blah. I'm out of ideas. But I kind of had fun with this chapter, even though it may suck.
> Even though it's a long shot, I hope everyone enjoyed this fic. And that it doesn't get lost in the piles upon
 piles of...fics...that accumulate in the archives. Chances are that it will, though. How
> depressing. <p>

Anyway...yeah. I'm glad that I finally finished this one. Now I can concentrate better on other stuff.

Thanks to everyone that bothered to read and review. I'm glad that people enjoyed my humor.

Tiger Tank

11. Mission Eleven: Cast Party

This is a goddamned parody. Lighten up, you sue-happy fucktards. I don't own, nor am I associated with, Bungie or Microsoft. I don't really own anything. But this silly fic that I decided to write, after reading number of parodies. Including Agent Smith's Halo: Combat Devolved. If you are offended by swearin and adult themes, then I suggest you bugger off.

Tiger Tank

Mission Eleven: The Cast Party

Scene: Aboard the Covenant Flagship, the Ascendant Justice. All throughout the cargo bays and hangars, numerous Grunts, Jackals, Elites, Hunters are partying it up. In a certain hangar, however, the cast is assembled and having their own little party; complete with big-screen TVs, surround-sound, Xboxes, Gamecubes, pizza...you know the drill.

Author: (takes a swig of water from a canteen) It was fun workin' with all of ya.

> MC: (pwning Johnson, the Elite, and Captain Keyes at Halo) Hell yeah.

> Johnson: Damn straight! (giggles) Ooh! Feeling frisky, are we? (grins at the Elite that just groped his ass. Again)

> Elite: Wort wort wort!

> MC: Ewwww!

> Keyes: Get a room, dammit! Or at least invite me to join in! (takes a sip of Magic Kool-Aid) Mmmm...

> Author: (to the commander of the ship) By the way, thanks for the lift.

> Elite Ship Master: No problemo.

> Cortana: So what now?

> Author: 'Scuse me?

> Cortana: What's gonna happen to us, now?
> Author: Well...I was gonna just leave you guys alone.
But...

(FLASHBACK! A few fans have gathered before the author)

Fan: TIGER TANK! PLEASE DO A HALO 2 PARODY! PLEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSSEEEE!

> Author: (shrug) Eh, might as well.
> Fans: (throw their hands in the air) HOORJAY!
> Author: First...you must bring me a virgin!
> Fans: (goggle at him) Da hell?

(END FLASHBACK!)

Author: I never did get that virgin. But I'll do the parody anyway.

> Cortana: (shakes her holographic head) Lord, preserve our
sanity.
> Author: I thought you liked crazy? Oh wait, that was in
Halo 2. (snaps his fingers and Cortana becomes even hotter and better
rendered than before; somewhere, a few geeky fanboys are aroused)
> Cortana: Whoa! Hey, now I do like crazy!
> MC: Sweet. (his armor gets upgraded to the Mk VI) SWEET!

> Author: Also, Chief - you lucky bastard - you get a
commander that fawns over you. Meet Commander Miranda Keyes!
> Miranda: Hiya, Chief! (winks)
> MC: Uh...
> Keyes: WHAT? Miranda, what're you--?
> Miranda: Hi, daddy! (tackles her father) Hey...why are you
all gross? And why are you bleeding green?
> Keyes: Daddy's been infected by a Flood infection form,
Miranda.
> Miranda: (starts crying) But...but...
> Keyes: Sorry. Chief, you take good care of my daughter!
> MC: (stands and salutes) Sir! Yes, sir!
> Keyes: You know what to do.
> MC: Yes, sir.
> (The Chief is about to draw his pistol but the Author blasts Keyes
into cinders with a plasma rifle)
Miranda: NOOOOOOOOO!
> Author: (drops the venting plasma rifle) Damn, that's hot!
Hot, hot, hot! (shakes his hand furiously)
> Miranda: (throttles the Author and tries to choke him) YOU
KILLED HIM! I'LL KILL YOU!
> (the author nonchalantly whips out a neuralyzer from Men in Black,
puts on a pair of shades)
Author: None of this ever happened.
(FLASHY-THING!)
> Miranda: (blinks) What'm I doing?
> Author: Um...trying to get it on with me?
> MC: Like she'll believe that.
> Miranda: Really? Well, at least you're not like Johnson.

> Johnson: I heard that, jackass!
> Elite: (chuckles) Jesus Christ!
> (the High Prophet of Truth enters)
Truth: (points at
Johnson's lover) HERETIC! ARBITER! SLAY HIM!
> Elite: Huh? Wait! NO! PUT DOWN THAT SWORD!
> Arbiter: Burn, heretic! (slashes the Elite into bits)
> Johnson: NNNNNNOOOOOOOO! (sobs over the remains of his

beloved)

> Truth: Excellent work. Now, Tartarus, SLAY THE ELITES!

> Arbiter & Elite Ship Master: Uh-oh.

> Tartarus: Hammer time! (takes out his hammer of doom and chases the Arbiter and the Elite around the hangar)

> Author: (glares at Truth) Dude, we're having a party in here.

> Truth: Bite me, you filthy human! How dare you desecrate our Sacred Ring?

> Johnson: (gets up and glowers at Truth) My name is Sergeant Avery "Slacker" Johnson. You killed my butt-buddy. PREPARE TO DIE!

> Truth: Uh-oh. (screams like a girl as Johnson leaps onto the prophet's hover-chair and starts wailing on the High Prophet) EEEEEEEK! OW! That smarts! OWIE! AAAAHHH!

> Author: Fucking owned.

> Truth: (attempting to fend off Johnson and failing miserably) TEAMS! TEAMS!

> Author: SHUT UP! TEAMS ARE FINE!

> Miranda: (pulls the author away) So...where were we?

> Author: Hmmm...should I or shouldn't I?

> Cortana: I thought she was interested in the Chief?

> Author: Fine! (to Miranda) You! You love the Chief!

> Miranda: Mmmm...'kay! (glomps the Chief)

> MC: (stares at the Author) I freakin' hate you.

> Author: Actually, it kind of makes sense. See, Cortana came from Doctor Halsey, and it's been speculated that Miranda is the love child of Captain Jacob Keyes and Doctor Catherine Halsey. In the novels, Halsey is described as being attracted to you, SPARTAN-117, so that may explain why Miranda and Cortana look so similar. And it could explain their fondness for you.

> (the others have fallen asleep, including Truth and Johnson. Tartarus, the Arbiter, and the Elite Ship Master are also sleeping, having fallen asleep in mid-step)
Author: ...You guys suck. (walks over to the pizza and starts eating) Mmmm...pepperoni goodness...

END

Author's Note: Well, that was the lame-assed cast party. And yes, I've started working on a Halo 2 parody. It will be organized like this parody, going by the missions/cutscenes available in the campaign menu. But this time, it won't be in a script form. I'm almost done with the parodying of the "Heretic" cutscene.

Tiger Tank

End
file.